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WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Vogelweide the Minnesinger.
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister;
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with his bestobest;
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest.

Saying: "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret;
In foul weather and in fair;
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face.

On the crossbars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wurtzburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sung their songs so very old;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweide.

Till at length the poetry about
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nooks,
When the minstrel bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwe-coming guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorously round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stone;
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.

Beautiful Teresita.

It was on a beautiful May day in the year 1621 that the Spanish city of Toledo, which at that time was one of the largest in the Old World, and which then contained a population of upward of two hundred thousand inhabitants, was thrown into an intense state of commotion by the appearance of a royal herald, bearing aloft a large white flag, and demanding an immediate interview with Senor Juan De Padilla, the insurgent commander of the population of Toledo. For just then Toledo, like many other Spanish cities, had risen in arms against the government, Charles the Fifth having immediately upon his election as German Emperor, revoked all the prerogatives of the cities of Castile, and formed an alliance with the nobility, which, until then, had been decidedly hostile to the Crown.

Charles had at first paid little attention to the insurrection, and had left for Germany, after ordering General Broek, a Belgian, to deal with the insurgents as severely as possible. Broek was assassinated in broad daylight on the Plaza Nueva of Seville, just as he was riding to the execution of one hundred and seventeen insurgent prisoners.

His successor was a Spanish grandee, Enrique, Duke De Marano, who set the prisoners free, in the hope that that act of clemency would restore order throughout the kingdom.

Such, however, was not the case. The insurrection, which had assumed a democratic character, assumed every day more formidable proportions.

A democratic army, about twenty thousand strong, took the field under the leadership of Percival Barnardo, who achieved several victories over the united hosts of the royal and noble forces.

Meanwhile Toledo, the principal seat of the insurrection was placed in a state of great strength.

Thirty thousand armed citizens, commanded by Juan De Padilla, formed the garrison.

Juan De Padilla was a young nobleman imbued with democratic and progressive sentiments. He was beloved by the poor, to whom he made munificent donations. A splendid orator, an educated soldier, and a man of intrepidity, he seemed to have been destined by nature for a popular leader. He had a beautiful, spirited wife, Donna Teresita, who heartily sympathized with her husband's democratic aspirations, and who appeared daily among the citizen soldiery in order to cheer and encourage them in their arduous labors.

When the above mentioned royal herald made his appearance in front of the Torre Grande of Toledo, with a flag of truce, the citizens manning the walls received him with loud execrations.

"Kill the dog of Don Carlos!" they cried.

Stones were hurled at him, but he seemed fearless, and exclaimed, in a ringing tone of voice:

"The insurgents have been routed at Torrelaboa. Percival Barnardo fell in that battle. His Majesty's troops have taken ten thousand prisoners. Don Enrique Duke De Marano, wishes to see Senor Juan De Padilla at San Fernando, in order to grant your demands. He pledges his word as a Spanish grandee that Senor De Padilla shall be treated with due honors, and not a hair of his head shall be harmed at San Fernando."

This offer created a profound sensation among the people of Toledo. Some were inclined to believe that the herald's story was a tissue of falsehoods, but most of them thought it was true, but all concurred in Juan De Padilla not to obey the summons of the Duke De Marano.

Juan De Padilla, however, declared he would go.

"I know that the Duke is an honorable man," he exclaimed, "and if our cause is lost, I can make better terms with him for you than anybody else."

His beautiful wife, Teresita, threw herself at his feet, and implored him not to go.

"Oh, Juan!" she cried, in an agony of despair, "you know that I am able sometimes to foresee future events. Now I implore you to stay, for I know that you will never come back!"

But Don Juan De Padilla was inflexible. He mounted his charger, caused the gate to be opened, and rode to meet the herald, who thereupon escorted him to San Fernando. There the Duke De Marano received him with studied politeness. Greatly to the disgust of the royal officers he put no restraint upon the movements of the young insurgent leader.

During the night some masked royal officers forced the door of Juan De Padilla's bed room, and carried him off to Seville, where Cardinal Laredo caused him to be beheaded a few days after his arrival.

When the Duke De Marano heard that his pledges had been so wantonly broken, he was so mortified that he committed suicide.

His successor in command of the army was Captain General De Xivarez, a brutal, bloodthirsty scoundrel, and an ultra royalist. He sent Juan De Padilla's head on a pike to Toledo with the message that in their leader's doom the insurgents might see the fate that was in store for them.

This act raised the fury of the insurgents to the highest pitch. They resolved to offer Xivarez the most desperate resistance, and as their leader they chose, strangely enough, that most beautiful lady, Teresita La Valiente.

Her husband's murder had transformed her into a heroine worthy of the palmist days of Sparta and Rome.

Her first act, it is true, was one of great cruelty, for she caused fifty-one of King Charles's sympathizers to be summarily beheaded, and their heads she sent to Xivarez.

Then she strengthened the fortifications of the city still further, and when Xivarez appeared in front of the city with the vanguard of his army, she headed a nocturnal sortie, and succeeded in routing the royal troops. Upon re-entering Toledo Teresita was the object of a rapturous ovation.

The citizens bestowed upon her the title of Teresita La Valiente.

Meanwhile Xivarez was by no means inactive, and a week later he reappeared with twelve thousand troops in the environs of Toledo.

He approached the city very cautiously until a pretended deserter from the insurgent forces circulated among his soldiers the report that Teresita De Padilla would henceforth cause all royalist prisoners to be tortured to death.

A panic broke out in Xivarez's camp; the troops refused to obey him any longer; and when he in impotent rage declared that he would punish their mutinous spirit by having them decimated, they killed him, and dispersed.

Teresita pursued them, and caused all prisoners that were taken to be hung on the spot. This created such a panic among the royalists that a whole month elapsed before another army of the crown appeared in front of Toledo.

This force was commanded by Ronald Yberra, one of the best engineers of that period.

It took him nearly six months to breach the wall of the city. The first assault resulted in a total defeat of the storming party. But Yberra was a man of iron energy and tenacity of purpose. Every unsuccessful attempt made him only more determined to take the city at any cost.

At length he was successful. Toledo lost ten thousand of her citizens. Yberra's losses were still heavier.

Among the prisoners was Teresita La Valiente.

Charles the Fifth had just returned from Germany. He was curious to see the beautiful heroine who had inflicted such terrible losses upon his army. She was heavily ironed and taken to Madrid, where the young sovereign visited her in her dungeon.

Had she manifested a spirit of submission, Charles would have spared her life; but she predicted haughtily to him that, although the most powerful monarch in the world, he also would be the most wretched one, and that he would die the death of a man; and cur.

This touched Charles in his most tender spot; for he was decidedly superstitious. Hence he ordered her to be killed, and ten minutes after he had left her the executioner entered her dungeon, and strangled her to death.

Revise the Time of Day.

Why shouldn't we call an International Congress and revise the time o' day? We are revising the Bible by a Committee of Nations, and next to the Bible time is the most precious thing we have in common. There is no more reason why we should have 12 o'clock twice a day than there is to repeat the year in a century, or "A. M." and "P. M." are awkward and unnecessary, and "o'clock" is as easy to say as "11 P. M."

Grizel Cochran.

When the tyranny of the last King James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies of his dangerous usurpation was Sir John Cochran, one of the most prominent actors in Argyll's rebellion. The ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chief-tains.

The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochran. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate with his resistance, but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken a prisoner, tried, and condemned to die on the scaffold.

He had but a few days to live, and his jailer only awaited the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last long, heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest, to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the grating of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his hand was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsation that shot through it like a lightning bolt.

He turned slowly on his unwilling legs, and the keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding; her eyes dark, bright and fearless; but this very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wiped away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My father," he exclaimed, "he exclaimed, 'not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!'"

"Be calm, be calm, my child!" returned he. "Would to heaven that I could comfort thee!—my own my own! But there is no hope, within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—"

"Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days!—then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Peter, the confessor and the master of the king? From him we shall hear the news of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, my Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed; already the king has sealed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not—shall not die!" she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed, and turning to her father, said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again!"

"What would my child?" inquired he, eagerly, and gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now, but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the hands of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a way-faring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding along Marygate, said down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting what was called the "maundrag" then stood. He did not enter the inn, but he was above his apartment, being that which Oliver Cromwell made his headquarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth of Scotland had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveler wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leather girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beard was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features.

In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveler passed him, and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingy covered thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raged with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves curving its doling and angry echoes over his head. Still the stranger pushed onward, but he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some coral and brambly bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased to such a degree that he was unable to proceed. The rider bent his head to the west. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle; the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his armor; but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail to the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochran yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the misadventure of his father, the Earl of Dunderdale, with the king's confessor might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, was cherished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful, and the second time the bigoted and would be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Answer!" responded Grizel, with wild vehemence, "yet my father shall not die!"

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochran. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed—he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a struggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash into his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me time arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave the mail, lest a worse come upon thee."

The man arose and proceeded toward Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochran, and the officers of the law awaited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept and said:

"It is good—the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not past, when the prison door flew open, and the Earl of Dunderdale rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family was elating around him, shedding tears of joy; but Grizel, who, during his imprisonment, had suffered more than they all, was again absent. They were marveling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described—with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin—but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beard, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them—started, and became pale. They were his death warrants.

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed, "how—how shall I thank thee—how repay the savior of my life! My father—my children—thank him for me!"

The old girl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hand to his face, and burst into tears.

"By what name?" eagerly inquired Sir John.

"The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beard, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochran fell on the coarse cloak!"

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my savior—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we need only add that Grizel Cochran, whose heroism and noble affection we have here briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart of Allanbank, in Berwickshire, and great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

Canary and Retriever.

A friend of mine had a pet canary, while her brother was the owner of a retriever that was also much petted. One day the canary escaped from the house and was seen flying about the grounds for several days, and when it perched it was generally on the den little post was mourned for as lost or dead. But after the interval of another day or so the retriever came in with the canary in his mouth, carrying it most delicately, and went up to the owner of the bird, delivering it into her hand without even the feathers being injured. Surely nothing could illustrate more beautifully faithful love and gentleness in a dog than this.

Helmet Crests.

The helmet crests are very curious birds, and are at once known by the singular pointed plume which crowns the top of the head, and the long beard-like appendage to the chin. They all live at a very considerable elevation, inhabiting localities of such extreme inclemency that few persons would think of looking for a humming bird in such frozen regions. There are several species of helmet crest, and their habits are well described by Mr. Linden, the discoverer of Linden's helmet crest, in a letter written to Mr. Gould, and published in his monograph of the humming birds.

"I met with this species for the first time in August, 1845, while ascending the Sierra Nevada de Merida, the crests of which are the most elevated of the eastern part of the Cordilleras of Columbia. It inhabits the regions immediately beneath the line of perpetual congelation, at an elevation of from 12,000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Messrs. Funck and Schlim found it equally abundant in the Paramos, near the Sierra Nevada, at the comparatively low level of 9,000 feet. It appears to be confined to the regions between the eighth and ninth degrees of north latitude.

"It occasionally feeds upon the thin, scattered shrubs of this icy region, such as the hypericum, myrtus, dapnifera, abies, etc., and towards the lower limit on buxus, but most frequently upon the projecting ledges of rocks near to the snow. Its flight is swift, but very short; when it leaves the spot upon which it has perched, it launches itself obliquely downward, uttering at the same time a plaintive whistling sound, which is also occasionally uttered when perched, as well as I can recollect. I never heard it produce the humming sound made by several other members of the same group, nor does it partake of their joyous spirit or perpetual activity. Neither myself nor Messrs. Funck or Schlim were able to discover its nests, although we all made a most diligent search.

"Its food appears principally to consist of minute insects, all the specimens we procured having their stomachs filled with small flies."

The head and neck of the adult male are black, a line of white running along the back. The long plumes of the throat are white. Round the neck and the back of the head runs a broad white band. The upper surface of the body and the two central tail feathers are bronze-green, and the other feathers are a warm, reddish brown, having the basal half of their shafts white. The under surface is a dim, brownish brown. The length of the male bird is about 5½ inches. The female is coppery brown upon the head and upper surface of body, and there is no helmet-like plume on the head nor beard-like tuft on the chin. The throat is coppery brown, covered with white mottlings, and the flanks are coppery brown washed with green. The length of the female is about one inch less than that of her mate.

Smuggling.

A remarkable case of smuggling has recently come to light at Rome. For some time past it had been observed that large quantities of goods, especially sugar, arrived in Rome and were declared "in transit," thus being free of the octroi duties. Goods thus declared were warehoused outside the city walls, and thence are either carried to the villages round Rome or brought into the town in small quantities, paying duty as they come in; so that there would have been nothing remarkable in the business except the magnitude of the operations, and this excited suspicion. A watch was set and it was found that the goods were all stored in a small warehouse outside the Porta Angelica, the gate under the Vatican, and that they apparently never came out again either in large or small quantities. The sharpness of a revenue officer, or more probably a traitor in the camp, suggested that there must be an underground passage into the town, and special watch was kept on the houses inside the city walls. On December 28, thirty-four casks of sugar arrived as usual "in transit," and were taken to the appointed site, and next morning before daylight two carts were observed to enter the court-yard of a house just inside the walls which was under surveillance. After setting watchers on the house outside the police entered the one inside the walls, and there found the thirty-four casks of sugar loaded on the carts which had entered cloak and cover jerkin—but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beard, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them—started, and became pale. They were his death warrants.

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VEAL SALAD.—Take cold fillet of veal

lowed throughout. A daring cop-
mante and weird, and now widely
pronounced a success.

FATINTITZA. (Sz.) By F. Vos STE
Introduces us, in a free and easy
way, to Russians and Turks during
Very popular.

Any book mailed, post-free, for sh

OLIVER DITSON & CO., B
J. E. DITSON, & CO.
1228 Chestnut Street, Philadel

Lydia C. Siskham

TIQUETTE & BUSIN

This is the cheapest and only machine that will sew on Tiquette and all other forms. It tells how to perform all the uses of the machine. It is the only machine on all occasions.

WATER-SEED for detaching full description of the work and its uses. Write to NATIONAL TYPE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG MEN learn Typewriting in 12 weeks. Write for circulars to the National School, Address: **WATERVILLE'S SEED** in the morning.

ALL THE BEST Food and Drink and Workmen of Generation. Write for circulars to the National School, Address: **WATERVILLE'S SEED** in the morning.

\$60 guaranteed with the Standard Sewing Machine No. 1.

SEND 10c. in silver for our Little Bird and Children's Book Catalogue.

EMPLOYMENT - Local only. Write for circulars to the National School, Address: **WATERVILLE'S SEED** in the morning.

WATERVILLE'S SEED in the morning.

In the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham

WARRANTED **ELGIN WATCH**
 All styles. Gold, Silver and
 12 to \$150. C. W. & Co., worth
 be examined. Write for
STANDARD CATALOG
 20., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP

YOU CAN BUY THE BLATCHLEY
PUMP

Drunkennes, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

[illegible]

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

SUPPLYING WATER FOR FARMS.—The general sinking of the water level, as indicated by the subsidence of rivers and lakes, the drying up of marshes, bogs, and brooks, the disappearance of springs, and the greater depth required to reach water in wells, all indicate that some other means must soon be resorted to for the purpose of supplying farms in the west with water for the use of the household and for stock. Considerable has already been accomplished toward supplying large farms, especially those devoted to dairying, with water obtained from artesian wells, or raised from ordinary wells by wind power, very little, however, has been done toward supplying water to farms by cooperative effort. This method is now adopted, not only in all considerable cities, but in many large towns. It results in supplying the inhabitants with better water than can be obtained from ordinary wells, and in turning it in larger quantities and at a smaller expense. It also saves all the labor of raising water, which is considerable even if pumps or wells be constructed to be employed. It affords a supply which is not conditioned on the state of a particular well, or the means of raising its contents.

The expense of conveying water in pipes of wood or iron under ground is much smaller than most people think. In a majority of cases a farmer can purchase and lay a pipe across his premises for half the sum it will cost to dig the wells he requires, supply them with pumps, and keep them in repair. Once obtained and put in position, they will ordinarily last a lifetime. When there is an artesian well in the vicinity the proprietor of it is generally entirely willing to dispose of the surplus water it affords, and which is often a burden to him, for a small sum. It is a simple matter to run a pipe from the artesian well to the place where it may be raised to a considerable elevation by means of a hydraulic ram. Water may be raised from a lake, river, or stream by a single wind-mill in sufficient quantities to supply a dozen farms. Not only are there artesian springs on hill-sides from which water may be conveyed to several farms in the vicinity. Spring water is ordinarily of most excellent quality for drinking and for dairy purposes. It may be too hard to employ for washing, but its freedom from vegetable impurities and the supply of mineral matter it contains render it very valuable for stock.

WASTE OF MANURE.—It should be a cardinal principle with every farmer to conserve his manure. Upon it depends his success, and without it his labor must, to a very great extent, be without profit, if not attended with absolute loss. If it is necessary to have the barn yard on a hill side, it is equally necessary to have the lower side of it protected by a wall or some other arrangement by which the escape of liquid manure may be prevented. It is almost equally important to have a spout to convey rain water from the roof of the barn in some other direction than in the yard, for it is a well known fact that the rain water which falls directly upon it without adding to it the droppings from the roof of the barn. If such improvident farmers were to behold the actual value of the fertilizing material lost, rolling from their purses in the shape of dollars and cents, how energetically they would labor to prevent this waste! The loss of a single little gold dollar would stir them up to a greater activity than the direct waste of a hundred times that amount. The value of manure in the form of liquid manure. Year after year, silently but steadily, the golden streams are flowing from their purses. Tell them of their error and they acknowledge it, but rarely does it appear that, being reminded of it so frequently, they make a single effort to correct it. How many are there who, after a life of steady, unremitting toil, find themselves richer in lands or money than when they began. They cannot explain the reason. Other causes may be traced to such discouraging results, but the drain of liquid manure from their barnyards had been checked when they began farming very many of the unsuccessful ones would have been as prosperous as their more provident neighbors.

EVERY DAIRYMAN SHOULD IMPROVE HIS STOCK.—The prudent merchant does not omit to take an account of stock, and strike a balance between cost and sale price of his goods. He knows that this fact is necessary for him to determine the proper conduct of his business. But it is not more urgent for his safety than for the safety of the dairyman profits, that he should know the individual character of his cows. Let every dairyman begin at once to determine the value of his stock, and determine upon his plan for improving his dairy. He should first fix his standard, below which he would keep no cow. This will require him to study the product of his dairy, as he has not before. He must determine what amount of milk is required to produce a profit, and when that is determined, he will see that it is folly to keep a cow below that yield of milk. He will then strive to have all his cows reach that standard, and as many of them to surpass it as possible. He is now on the road to success; let him steadily pursue it, and he will soon possess a dairy of cows whose profits will be visible to all beholders.

CABBAGE SALAD may be made with hard-boiled eggs chopped, or with raw eggs beaten into the dressing; for one small head, or half of a good-sized one, use three eggs, beat them till they are light, then add six tablespoonsful of vinegar, two tablespoonsful of made mustard, a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Cook this dressing until it begins to thicken; when it is cold pour it over the chopped cabbage. When boiled eggs are used, chop the whites of the eggs with cabbage, and after stirring the yolks till they are fine stir them into the dressing. When the eggs are cooked, the rest of the dressing does not need cooking.

BEEF OXLEY, which is good for breakfast or tea, is made of one pound of chopped beef, two well-beaten eggs, three table-spoonsful of milk, three or four table-spoonsful of milk or cream. Season to your taste with pepper, salt and onion. Put in a hot oil, cover it loosely with a well-buttered cloth and bake half an hour in a basin with a little water in it. When cold, cut it into thin slices.

The young milkman and his girl stood before the rustic of the peasant. "You take this milk—sheen!"—the man for butter or for worse? "The mighty man of the law inquired. The girl said it never a word to her before, but she supposed she would if that was the only way.

When trains are telescoped, the poor passengers starve.

DOMESTIC.

FISH IN SEASON.—Codfish is best in mid-water, and is brought alive in the walls of vessels. In boiling, codfish should be closely covered and simmer rather than boil. Ten minutes is allowed to every pound of fish, and it must be taken out immediately when done, and served with drawn butter or oyster sauce. For broiling, a cod weighing a pound and a half is best, served with melted butter. Daniel Webster's recipe for codfish chowder is as follows: Four table-spoonsful of onions fried with pork; one quart of boiled potatoes well mashed; one and a half pounds of sea biscuit broken; one teaspoonful of thyme, and one of summer savory; half a bottle of mushroom catsup; half a nutmeg grated; a few cloves, mace, and allspice; six pounds cod-fish cut in slices three-quarters of an inch thick; twenty-five oysters; a little black pepper, and slices of lemon. The whole to be put in the kettle, covered with an inch of water, boiled for one hour. Mr. Webster said a bottle of port or claret, which it would probably have been better for Mr. Webster if he had kept out of his chowder habitually.

TOMATO SOUP.—A piece of leg of beef, fifteen cents worth put in a gallon of cold water and allow to come slowly to a boil; then put aside on the stove to simmer for five or six hours; strain, and allow it to cool so as to skin off all the fat. If your stock should boil away too much add more water, so as to have two quarts when it is strained. To the two quarts of stock add a can of tomatoes a large onion stuck with six cloves, a carrot, a small turnip, half a dozen allspice, a table-spoonful of salt, and half a tea-spoonful of white pepper. Let it boil slowly for two hours, and then add a table-spoonful of flour creamed in a table-spoonful of butter; let it boil five minutes longer, take out the onion, carrot, and turnip, and pass your soup through the colander, rubbing it with a potato-masher, and serve immediately.

Beautifiers. Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is its certain proof. See another column.

BEFSTEAK STEW.—Take some finely chopped beef fat or a piece of butter, chop it in the stew-pan, and add to some flour in brown and add warm water; place in this gravy the steak, which must be a thick cut and in one piece, if possible; add salt, pepper, (whole black), three cloves, a small piece of mace, and a bay-leaf. If it is handy, close up tight and let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour, shaking the stew now and then; after that time put in two table-spoonsful of port wine, if you admit of wines being used in cooking, and one spoonful of mushroom catsup. Let it simmer another quarter of an hour. It should then be done and be served upon a hot dish, the gravy being poured over it.

CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up a pair of young chickens, put them into a stewing-pan with enough water to cover, adding two table-spoonsful of butter; pepper and salt to taste; let it stew gently until about half cooked; take out the chickens and let them cool; pour the gravy into a separate dish. Prepare a batter of one quart of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a table-spoonful of baking powder, a little salt, sifted flour to mix to the proper thickness. Put a layer of chicken at the bottom of the pudding dish and pour over some of the batter, and another layer of chicken and more batter, and so on, having butter on top. Bake for one hour or even longer, in a hot oven. Beat an egg into the gravy reserved, let it boil up and send to the table to be served with pudding.

HARASSING DREAMS.—An unnatural excitement of the brain and nervous system is directed toward sleeplessness, as also of harassing nocturnal dreams. VEGETINE has a peculiarly soothing effect in all such cases, when taken just before going to bed.

STARCH POLISH.—The old receipt of starching the starch with a bit of wax is a very good one, but in the opinion of an experienced hand, it is a much cheaper plan. She uses mutton suet instead of wax; it makes the starch firmer. Before roasting or boiling your joint of mutton, cut off a piece of suet, and put it in a jar. "Render" it in a tin cup and get it aside in a jar; it will keep six months or longer. The fat about the kidney in a hind quarter is the firmest and best. When you want thick starch for collars and shirt bosoms, take four table-spoonsful of starch, a quart of water, and a piece of the clear suet about the size of a walnut. This makes a good quart of starch.

A LITTLE English work, "Sleep and how to obtain it," says that insomnia is not so dangerous as commonly supposed, for the author knows an eminent man of letters who has suffered from it for many years without injury. When a man begins to dream of his work he may know that he is under too great a mental strain. The author's plan of inducing sleep is to reckon up friends and acquaintances whose names begin with a certain letter.

There was a young lady quite fair,
Who had much trouble with her hair,
And a sight to behold,
Is the head of this maiden, I declare.

BLACK CAKE.—Three cupsful of butter, one quart of sugar, three plants of flour, half a pint of molasses, half pint of brandy, half a pint of wine, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one ounce each of all kinds of spices, twelve eggs, three pounds of raisins, two or currants, half a pound of citron. Bake in deep pans, in a moderate oven, between three and four hours. This is one of the best of rich cakes.

The following is said to be a remedy for rheumatism: Four ounces of saltpeter in one pint of alcohol; shake well and bathe the parts affected; wetting and drying it, lay it on. It does not cure, but takes away the redness, reduces the swelling, and relieves the torment and agony.

A cow with three rings on a horn is 8 years old; with four she is 7 years old. No new rings are formed after the tenth year. The deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indications of old age.

Very taking.—Colds. Very glad.—The Druggists. The very best remedy.—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

HUMOROUS.

A STOVE was broken into one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his boast of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Nothing at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers stole a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high they couldn't afford to take them."

It all depends on how you look at these ancestors. One little aristocratic girl was yesterday boasting that her forefathers came over with the Pilgrims, when another well-maiden, whose widowed mother had recently married, said: "Shaw, go look up your old duds; I've got a brand new father."

The subjoined opinion, we perceive, is by J. A. Daniels, Esq., of Messrs. Stogdill & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse, Wis., and appears in the La Crosse Chronicle. Sometime since, I was attacked with pain in and below one of my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacob's Oil quieted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

A PHILOSOPHER graphically illustrates the difference between a blunder and a mistake. "When a man puts down a bad nutmeg and takes up a good one," said John, "he makes a mistake, but when he puts down a good one, and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder."

"I THINK," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and sits all the day by the stove and thinks." You had better grease him all over. He is going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmy.

THERE are lots of people who will tell you that they put no faith in Mother Shipton's prophecy that the world will come to an end this year, and yet will jump and have a scared look in their eyes when they suddenly hear the noise caused by the dumping of a load of coal.

"I WILL now offer you a Rubens," said an auctioneer, "in good way." No bid. The auctioneer passed it, and taking up another picture exclaimed: "Come gentlemen, here is a Rembrandt by the same!"

"Look here, you critter," exclaimed a Hoboken man the other night, as he brought his hand down on the place where a mosquito sat, "do you take me for a lunch counter?" The mosquito, by this time sitting on the far side of the room, was very respectful and made no reply.

A BUTCHER lets a sailor have a shoulder of mutton on trust, but finding in a day or two after that he had gone to a foreign land, said: "My word, but I had known he never intended paying, I would have charged him a cent a pound more for it!"

(Now Albany Ledger-Standard.) Speaking of governors suggests the mention of an item we received from Mr. Henry A. Knight, Foreman at Chas. Waters & Co.'s Governor and Valve Works, Boston, Mass.: "I have never did," said Mr. Knight, "among our employes and find that it never fails to cure. The men are delighted with the wonderful effects of the Oil, as it has cured them of bruises, burns, etc."

Of a miserly man somebody wrote: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain tottered, but his heart couldn't."

An exchange says: "The butchers of Baltimore are very handsome." That is when they are dressed to kill.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa because there is one at each end.

SHAKESPEARE knew all about doctors. He said: "If poor are they that have no patience!"

This is the time to buy thermometers. They are down now.

VEGETINE

KIDNEY COMPLAINT.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Fever, pain in the small of the back, and a stinging downward numbness of the thigh, increasing usually at first as red color tinges the urine, which becomes turbid and contains a great deal of mucus. In chronic cases the disease increases and is discharged very often with pain and heat. In chronic cases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain in the back and limbs, distress of the stomach, and a general feeling of languor, general dropsy, headache, dizziness or light-headedness, and palpitation of the heart. A great many can testify to the purities of the face, cough and shortness of breath.

In diseases of the kidneys the Vegetine gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directed as follows. In many cases it may take several bottles, especially cases of long standing. It acts directly upon the secretory organs, cleansing and strengthening, removing all obstructions and impurities. A great many can testify to the long-standing having been perfectly cured by the Vegetine, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be so effective for this disease.

Kidney Complaints.

CINCINNATI, O., March 10, 1877.
Dr. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir, I have used your Vegetine for some time, and can truthfully say it has been a great benefit to me; and to those suffering from diseases of the kidneys and bladder, I can say it is a valuable remedy. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
K. B. SMITH.
Attested to by K. B. Smith, Druggist, Cincinnati, O., and Central Avenue.

Dr. R. STEVENS:—CINCINNATI, O., April 19, 1877.
I have suffered several years with the kidney complaint, and was induced to try Vegetine. I have now recovered from the complaint, and I am convinced it is a valuable remedy. I can say no more than that any other medicine. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from kidney complaints.
Yours respectfully,
J. S. McVILLIEN.
First Book-keeper for Newhall, Gale & Co., Flour Merchants, No. 86 West Front St., Cincinnati, O.
VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

VEGETINE,
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

DEBILIS

COUGH

SYRUP

THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY.

Rev. ARTHUR J. RICH, A. M., M. D.,

Send stamp "Health and Comfort"

AROMATIC PINK-PALMINE MATTERS

These answering all advertisements will

be sent to the advertiser and the

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agent

VEGETINE, Agents, Maine.

This simple method of making a phosphorescent lamp is given: Cleanse oyster shells by well-washing, expose them to a red heat for half an hour, separate the cleanest parts, and put into a crucible alternate layers with sulphur. Then heat to redness for at least an hour. When cold, break the mass, and separate the whitest part for use. If enclosed in a bottle, it will glow in the dark, and the light emitted. To renew the luminosity of the mass, expose the bottle each day to the sun or other strong light. The sulphide of osmium will thus be made to absorb light, which will be available throughout the night.

A writer from long practical experience in testing drain pipes, confidently recommends for that purpose what he terms a "smoke test," and which gives evidence as to leaks both to the sight and smell. The materials that he employs are a solid conical waste, or gulper, the smoke from which, after ignition, is blown into the drain or pipes. If leakage exist in the latter inside of the house, the smoke and smell issue forth and show that something is wrong, and generally tell you just where the fault or fault is. Sulphur is well known, is one of the best of disinfectants, and a dose of the fumes from this to the drains, after disease has been in a house, would effect much good.

Tumors in an early stage of development are expelled by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Indestructibility of Matter.—This is capable of ready demonstration by comparing the weight of a quantity of pure oxygen, each being filled with pure oxygen and containing a few particles of carbon, free from appreciable amount of ash—that prepared from the fine loaf-sugar gives very good results. The tubes are of precisely equal weight and are accurately sealed. By heating one of them the charcoal is caused to burn and ultimately to disappear; the tube contents however is of course found still to balance the other tube, which has not been heated, as it is of precisely the same weight as it was at first.

A compound, by J. M. Lewin, Paris, said to possess more explosive force than all other explosive materials, and which will not explode when a flame is applied to it, or in consequence of an ordinary blow, but only by a very violent explosion. The compound consists of the ingredients given below in about the proportions specified: i. e., nitro-glycerine, 60 parts; nitrate of potassium, sodium or ammonia, 16 parts; palmitic acidulated oxide of copper (acetate), 1 part; carbonate of iron, 1 part; and wood charcoal or animal charcoal or peat moss (sphagnum), 16 parts.

Utilization of Old Steel.—A new process of using up old steel has been lately patented. The resultant metal is said to possess extraordinary strength and ductility. The process consists of melting up old steel, and adding a compound and subjecting the whole to a furnace heat; when the particles amalgamate. Steel made on this plan has been turned out at the Hunstet Works and sold readily for \$45 per ton. The process is said to be second only in the world to Bessemer's invention, and it will be especially valuable as finding use for old Bessemer steel rail.

A Modern Medical Miracle

In a recent issue of the "Anæsthesia" by Dr. Silas, an infallible remedy for the most painful and exhausting of all diseases, Piles, 500,000 once afflicted mortals gladly accept the value of Anæsthesia and suffering men have found the hope of relief. The simple, rational, common sense nature of this marvelous discovery of a cure so safe, easy and certain, has caused a great and rapid sale of the medicine. This really great remedy has excited the wonder of the people and admiration of medical men. It is the result of 40 years experience by a distinguished scientific physician. This really great remedy combines the soothing system of the English—the mechanical method of the French and the heroic medical custom of American Surgeons. Anæsthesia therefore affords instant relief from pain, keeps up the raw sensitive tissues and both by pressure and medication in the most inveterate cases of piles. It has stood the critical test of 20 years, and has benefited. Doctors of all schools prescribe it as the nearest possible to an infallible remedy. Samples of "Anæsthesia" are sent free to all sufferers by Dr. Silas, and can be obtained of New York, sole manufacturers. Sold by druggists everywhere. Price \$1.00 per box.

Life and health are preserved by carefully using this medicine. It shows lack of ability to carry on its work. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals Kidney-Wort.—Covair.

TO RAISE THE PILE ON VELVET.

When the pile is pressed down over a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk or clothes brush.

IT HAS WONDERFUL WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, the BOWELS and the KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisons which more than develop the poisons in the blood, and it is the only medicine that can be taken in the form of a pleasant and palatable beverage.

KIDNEY-WORT is a vegetable compound and can be used by all people.

Package will make six quarts of medicine.

Buy it at the Druggists, Price, 25 Cts.

WELLS, HARRINGTON & Co., Proprietors,

12 (Will send post paid) Burlington, Vt.

Accumulation of Hops, Eucalypti, Man-

drake and Dandelion, with all the best and

most of the properties of all other Bitters,

make a powerful and healthful medicine for

Regulating the Liver and Bile, and restoring

the system to its normal state. No disease is

so common as that which arises from the

liver and bile, and it is the only medicine

that will cure it. It is the only medicine

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A YOUNG lady not accustomed to waiting, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, made the attempt recently. When she was asked another friend to see you got through all right. "Well," was the reply, "but it was a tight squeeze."

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer the other day: "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "Five dollars apiece," was the prompt reply.

Worthless Stunt.

Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and infallible remedy." See another column.—Philadelphia Press.

AN OLD Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon after with having been drunk. "I was me absent-mindedness," said Pat, "an a habit I have of takin' wid myself. I sowed me self, sez I. 'Pat cum in and have a drink.' 'No, ser,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Till I drink alone,' sez I. An' wid myself cum out fath an' he was drunk."

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a dark lantern has its bright side.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

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MRS. LYD

WHOLE NO. 2296

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when I went back to the kitchen she was there, stirring something we were making for mistress. She gave a start as she saw me, and something dropped out of her hand. It was a little china jar with a flower painted on it, and as I picked it up I saw

production of a safety lamp for
ers. It is said to give light enough for
practical use, and as it contains no fire
heat, it is evident that its use is absolute
ly free from risk. By means of this form
lamp, in connection with blasting by com-
pressed air, fire and the attendant danger
of exploding gas might be ruled out, and
the most dangerous mines be made quite
safe.

"Then, as we're both among the youngsters invited to the deacon's dinner, won't it be jolly to hear his lamentations over the turkey on Thanksgiving eve suggested Sam, with a wink at Dick.

She believes in cat heads, and an hour before of her three cornered hat of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, nor even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

which keeps the propeller in its place, the shaft had come partly cut, and the left the screw loose on the shaft, which caused the noise. By continuing the use of oil for a few hours, the wedge was ultimately driven into its place and secured. Many days of detention and the use of costly appliances and labor were thus saved.

mark might be, and to his surprise, after cutting into the tree, he chipped out a block, and there was the identical mark referred to in the ancient document of one hundred and twenty-one years ago. The mark was perfect, but had been covered up. At that time this was a British colony, and some years before the Revolutionary war. The deed was drawn in 1759.

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The Republican.

SATURDAY, April 16, 1881.

The assassins of the Czar of Russia have been condemned to death after a trial. They received their sentence without emotion.

As the biennial State races approach, we begin to hear a great deal about North Alabama. Will somebody please tell us where North Alabama is located? It doesn't appear to be scattered around here very much, according to the standard of our Tennessee valley friends.

Earthquakes in the Island of China destroyed the accumulations of sixty years, and over seven thousand people have perished. In one city nearly one third of the population were buried under its ruins. The entire civilized world is hastening aid and succor to the unfortunate people of the island.

The Democrats of Alabama have serious work before them for the future, and can be better employed in close organization than in squabbling over prospective offices that they may never get. The enemy are at work, and they mean business. The fight of the Radicals in the Senate of the United States in the interest of Independence in the South means something.

The U. S. Senate still continues at a dead lock. The Democrats are holding out splendidly. We hope they will be firm to the end this time, if only for a change. Our party has been giving way before the demands of the Radical party so long, that Democrats have grown to look for nothing short of a backdown whenever the two parties lock horns. A display of grit on the part of Democrats at this juncture, will infuse a world of life and spirit into the party. We hope the Democrats will hold out until December rather than back down, and we believe they will do it. At last, at last.

The Railroad Commission is moving slowly and laying the foundation for doing its work well. After a late meeting in Montgomery the Commission adjourned to meet the Georgia Commission in Atlanta. We think the Commission are doing perfectly right in moving cautiously. A hasty and ill-considered act at the outset would greatly impair its usefulness. Commission had an immense work before it in the collection of Railroad statistics before it could move a step. The Railroads, we learn, are meeting the Commission on half way ground, and furnishing all information called for. The Commission will soon be in condition to propose to the Roads reforms in freight and passenger rates, and the probability is that the Roads will accept their proposals as soon as offered. It is a big job the Commission has before it, and the public should not expect results too early. Great results are always worked out slowly.

By the Report of the State Superintendent of Education for the year ending Sept. 1880, we see that Calhoun received in round numbers a total fund of \$6,494, and that 5679 pupils, white and black, attended school in this county. This gives a little over one dollar for the year to each pupil out of the school fund. We do not suppose it will be much more, if any more, this year. The fund is so small that it does not really assist the poor man in the education of his children, and again so small that those in good circumstances do not care for it. We are inclined to think that this fund, to be really effective of any good, should only be applied to the tuition of the children of parents who are too poor to pay anything toward their education. Under the present working of our school system, the rich get the larger benefit of the fund, because they are able to keep their children at school all the year round, while the poor man can send his children only for a short time each year. The children that attend the largest number of days in each scholastic year, of course receive the largest share of the school money. The object of the public school laws is the education, by the State, of children whose parents are not able to educate them; but it doesn't do it by a great deal. As shown, the class of people who stand in least need of the charity of the State get the largest share of the charity fund. The State should educate the children of the poor. The rich are able and willing to educate their own children.

Where will the Editorial Association of Alabama meet in May? We have for some time understood it was to meet at Blount Springs. Some days ago we received "notification from the Secretary that it would meet at Tusculum. Now comes the Tusculum papers and announce that it will be at Blount Springs. They are evidently not expecting the Association at Tusculum. If Tusculum is finally agreed on as the place of meeting the attendance will not, we think, be large. We vote for Blount Springs. It is a more central point than the other.

A great temperance mass meeting has just been held in Boston. It was called by over 600 clergymen of all denominations. There were three sessions and much discussion of ways and means to suppress intemperance.

There is talk of putting the East Alabama and Cincinnati Railroad through to completion at once. Our Oxford friends may get the value of their money expended in aid of this road. We sincerely trust they may.

The State press have widely copied the article on Aniston from the Republican of the 26th ult.

Some days ago two men appeared in Jacksonville, claiming to be revenue officers, and having in charge an old gentleman from St. Clair county, who is described as an inoffensive, good old man. They put up at the hotel here, and left for the depot to meet an expected freight train, without paying their bill. The freight did not come and they failed to get off. Next morning the proprietor went to the depot and collected the amount of their bill. He was informed then by the old man in custody that he did not know the men to be officers of the Government, and that they had never shown him a warrant for his arrest, although he had asked for it. These facts coming to the knowledge of some parties here, they visited the depot and asked the so called revenue officers to show by what authority they held that old man. This they declined to do, but upon being informed that they should not leave with him unless they did show their authority, they reluctantly produced the warrant, when there was no further interference. They threatened the party with the displeasure of the Federal Court for daring to call for their authority. Now we learn that these two men were at one time tenants of the old gentleman they had in charge; that they had quarreled with him for some cause, and had gone off to Huntsville and preferred charges against him for selling tobacco or something of that kind and procured a warrant for his arrest and had procured themselves deputized to serve it, and returned and ruthlessly tore the old man from his home, without giving him any time for preparation for his trip. A simple recital of these facts speak volumes in condemnation of a system which allows such outrages. Talk about this being a free country! There was never a more gigantic despotism in the world than this wretched Federal Court System as it is practiced in the South! The liberty of the citizen is absolutely at the mercy of any scoundrel who will manufacture an affidavit; and when Federal Marshals deputize the very scoundrels who make the affidavits to serve the papers and make arrests, the despotism becomes intolerable. In this instance the Federal authorities, unwittingly perhaps, lent themselves as tools to carry out the unwholesome revenge of two men. These things happen often, and show the urgent necessity of legislation to curb the evil by throwing more restrictions around the exercise of authority by Federal Marshals and deputy marshals, and guarding more sacredly the liberty and rights of the citizen. Here is something that the Representatives of the South in both Houses of Congress should take decided stand on, and contend for until justice is done. It is of vastly more importance than the question Democratic Senators are now making such a stubborn fight over.

No, my son, it isn't a bit smart or any evidence of smartness to be "fast." People won't hear think you are a Byron or Edgar Poe because you debauch. Some great men have done these things, but all who have done them were not great men by a very large majority. People no longer tolerate the cultivation of wild oats. In this practical day and time the "fast" young man is regarded as a very silly young fellow, who is carrying his ducks to a bad market, and he is soon voted a nuisance and kicked out of the way to make place for more deserving young men. Yes, my son, the young man in Jacksonville or Calhoun county who can show the clearest bill of moral health is and will be the most respected and honored. Yes, my son, may not consider him a very bright boy, but he will be far up the ladder after awhile, while yet you are staggering about the base, clutching at the lowest round, and imagining yourself a genius and a child of destiny. You will look at these things differently, my son, when you get older, but then the probability is that you will be too late in the race to overtake your companions who have gone on ahead. Better stop now, my son, tie up your cravat, arrange your hair, pull down your vest and go to serious business. It is better, far better.

SHOOTING AFFAIR.—We learn that two men from Cleburne county were shot at Centre, some five miles from Oxford in this county a few nights ago, under rather mysterious circumstances. It is said that a party from Cleburne had been in Oxford trading and got as far back toward home as Centre about night. There they met parties who live in Calhoun. The entire crowd is said to have been somewhat under the influence of liquor. As the Cleburne party were leaving a store where they had been talking with some parties, to go to the house of a gentleman who lived in Centre, for the purpose of staying all night, some unknown person called out: "Watch out! I am going to shoot!" Immediately two shots were fired, both of which took effect on two gentlemen of the party. Upon reaching the house medical aid was at once summoned. The latest report states that one of the wounded gentlemen has died. The stranger part of the affair is that there does not seem to have been any quarrel at the store or elsewhere. A young man who started from the party as they left the store was suspected; but he appeared at the house where the wounded gentleman lay shortly after the occurrence and expressed much concern at their condition and insisted on sending for a physician. Another report says that this young man has since left the country. The affair up to this writing is shrouded in mystery. We hope to get at the truth of the matter before another issue of the paper.

We have about effected an arrangement, with a responsible party, by which the Cleburne County Clarion will be revived and published regularly in future. When the gentlemen with whom we are now negotiating takes hold of it, those interested may rest assured that the paper will not only be published regularly on time every week, but will be printed well. He

will go into the publication as a business, and will put on a sound and enduring basis. The people of Cleburne will support a well conducted paper well. They are a progressive and liberal people in matters of this kind, and deserve a good paper. The Clarion will yet be as permanent an institution of Cleburne as the REPUBLICAN is of Calhoun.

BILLY MAHONE.

ALB.—"The Widow Malone."

Did you hear of old Billy Mahone, O'home? In the Senate he sits on a throne, He deserted his flag, For a bucket of swag, Did Billy, my own, Mahone, O'home! He fooled his Virginia friends For ends Which no honest person commends, Or defends; He dragged down the miter His toga for hire, Did Billy, my own, Mahone, O'home. He has gone to the Radical camp, The scamp, He has gone with hope of the lamp, The tramp! Though forever it burns, He shall never return, Oh! Billy, my own, Mahone, O'home! Let the Radicals have him for aye, Yigh, Yigh! They'll find, like the pig in the sty, He's high; So, with them let him muster, Darn'd old Radical, Poor Billy, my own, Mahone, O'home! Virginia's honor is not lost, Though crossed; For a day will come to his cost, When a frost Will blight both the fruit And the name and the game Of Billy, my own, Mahone, O'home. Property Exempt from Taxation.

The following is a list of property exempt by law from taxation in this State: All property belonging to the United States; all bonds of the United States and all other securities of the United States; all church and school property to the value of one acre if within one mile of any city or town, or to the value of five acres if more than one mile of any city or town, with buildings thereon, when used exclusively for religious worship or school purposes; all property of literary or scientific institutions or societies, employed in the regular business of such institutions; libraries not of a professional character; all deaf, mute, insane and blind, and their property to the value of one thousand dollars; all property of permanently disabled persons whose taxable property does not exceed five hundred dollars; all family portraits; household and kitchen furniture to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars; one yoke oxen; one cart or wagon; two cows and calves; twenty head stock hogs; ten head sheep; all wearing apparel, looms, spinning wheels, and poultry; corn and other supplies in hand, for the use of the family and the making of the crop, farming implements to the amount of twenty-five dollars; mechanical tools to the amount of twenty-five dollars; all property of the State, county, or municipal corporations, all cemeteries; property of agricultural or horticultural associations, to the value of twenty-five thousand dollars; all religious books kept for sale by ministers or clergymen; all property of public schools.

The Terrible Condition of Peru

CHINESE SLAIN BY INDIANS.

New York, April 4. The Panama Star and Herald says that a war of races has broken out in the valley of Cuzco, where more than 2000 Chinamen have been laboriously killed by natives and Cholos. On one plantation 570 inoffensive men were murdered in cold blood. All the cornfields, sugarhouses, machinery, etc., have been wrecked. All the foreigners have fled from the valley. One of the most fertile and productive lands in Peru some of them have been killed. The work of murder and plunder still goes on. It is feared the adjacent valley of China will suffer next. The Chinians refuse to send troops to quell the disturbances. It is feared that similar scenes will be enacted throughout Peru. The American Indians have on the war path engaged a squadron of Chinian cavalry. Corps have been burned, cattle driven off, men, women and children killed and all the property of Indian warfare engaged in.

Success of the Rome Courier.

Commencing with next week we propose to issue a twelve column supplement to the WEEKLY COURIER. This will increase the amount of reading matter nearly fifty per cent, and make it equivalent to the largest weeklies in the State. This will be done without additional expense to the subscribers, and we hope our friends will assist in extending the circulation of this whole-some family newspaper and unflinching advocate of good government and the rights of the people. Remember the Courier uses no stale "variant outside," or "stereotyped platitudes," but is composed entirely of fresh matter set up by the printers of the office. The name of every subscriber, and the time to which his subscription is paid, will be printed and attached to each copy, and the paper stopped, if so ordered, when the time paid for expires. The strictly advance price is: Single copy, one year, \$1.50. Six copies, one year, \$7.50. Ten copies, one year, \$12.50. Address Courier Office, Rome Ga. April 16, 1881.

The grand jury of Dallas county suggest and earnestly request the Board of Revenue to confine the convicts of that county to hard labor within the limits of the county.

S. S. LINDER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Jacksonville, Ala.

TAX ASSESSOR'S NOTICE.

SECOND ROUND.

I will attend the places mentioned, at the time stated, for the purpose of assessing the State and County tax for the year 1881.

Precinct No. 11, White Plains, Monday, May 2, 1881.
" 12 Davisville, Tuesday " 3
" 17 Farmerville, Wednesday " 4
" 13 Oxford, Thursday and Friday, " 5 & 6
" 15 Aniston, Saturday " 7
" 4 Gannaway's Home, Monday " 9
" 14 Sulphur Springs, Tuesday " 10
" 5 Pulaski, Wednesday " 11
" 6 Pecks Hill, Thursday " 12
" 7 Hollingsworth's, Friday " 13
" 8 Greens S. House, Saturday " 14
" 9 Cross Plains, Monday " 16
" 16 Ladiga, Tuesday " 17
" 10 Rabbit Town, Wednesday " 18
" 3 June Bug, Thursday " 19
" Alexandria, Friday " 20
" 1 Jacksonville, Saturday " 21

All persons will please bring with them a list of their property with valuation annexed.

A. B. LEDBETTER, Tax Assessor Calhoun County April 9-16

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County, Special Term, April 7th, 1881.

This day came John J. Woodall, administrator of the estate of Wm. Woodall deceased, and filed in court his account and vouchers for an annual settlement of his said administration. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 22nd day of April, 1881, be and is hereby appointed a day upon which said account and vouchers shall be examined and settled, and that notice thereof be given for 30 days in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county prior to said day, as notice to all persons interested in said settlement, to be and appear before me, at my office in Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Ala., on said 22nd day of April, 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper. Given under my hand this April 7th, 1881.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

Music Lessons.

The undersigned will be pleased to receive pupils for instruction either on the piano, organ or guitar, at low rates. She is stopping at the Rev. H. House, where she can be consulted as to terms. April 2-5m Mrs J. C. FULTON

H. L. STEVENSON, L. W. GRANT.

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Real Estate Agents

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Real estate bought and sold.—Books open at law office of Mr. Stevenson

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County, Special Term, March 11th, 1881.

This day came Solomon H. Bean, Adm. of estate of David E. Hawkins, de'd, and filed his account and voucher for an annual settlement of said estate. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 22nd day of April, 1881, be and is hereby appointed a day upon which said account and voucher shall be examined and settled, and that notice thereof be given by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as notice to all persons interested in said settlement, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 22nd day of April, 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

Notice No. 715.

LAND OFFICE, AT MONTGOMERY, ALA., March 28th, 1881. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the Circuit Court at Edwinstown, Ala., on the 7th day of May, 1881, viz: Titus S. Swadlow, Homestead Entry No. 6188 for the E half of S E q. and N W q. of S E q. and N E q. of S W q. Sec 8 T 4 S R 11 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Thomas B. Cole, Edmund Jackson, Seel Abney, John A. Abney all of Oak Level Ala.

PELHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

UNDERTAKING.

L. A. WEAVER.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Has just received and now has in stock a full line of

COFFINS, METALLIC CRYSTAL

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS, from the size of the smallest infant (in white glass finish) to the largest man (in rosewood finish). These are furnished from the Factory, and are of the best and most highly finished styles. Prices vary with the size of the casket.

Jan 29, 1881-3m.

SANTA CLAUS DEPOT

FOR

CHRISTMAS

Holiday Goods

AT

H. A. SMITH'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MUSIC

AND

BOOK STORE,

Rome, Ga.

Just opening out an immense stock of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, China and Glass Vases, Motto Caps, Sarcophagi and Mugs, Fancy Glass Inkstands, Stationery, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Posters and standard works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames, Tin, China and Rubber Toys in great variety, Wax Dolls, Games, Silver-plated Ware, suitable for wedding and holiday presents, Gold Pens, Port Monies, and a thousand novelties. Piano's and Organs, of the best make, at wholesale prices. Orders, by mail solicited. Prices cheerfully given. H. A. SMITH.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The most successful remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects, and does not blister. Read proof below. From Rev. P. N. GRANGER, Presiding Elder of the St. Albans District.

St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 20, 1880.

Dr. D. J. Kendall & Co., Gents: In reply to your letter, I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago, I procured a bottle of your agent, and with it cured a horse of lameness caused by a spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks, when he became better, but when I put him on the road again, he was lame. I discovered that a true bone spavin was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Perseverance Will Tell.

Stoughton, Mass., March 18th, 1880. R. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS:—In justice to you and myself, I think that I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with Kendall's Spavin Cure, one very large one, don't know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large one off, and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no lameness to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but if it does for all what it has done for me, its sale will be very great.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Kelley's Island Reel Co. O. Mch. 28 1880. Dr. B. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS:—I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a bone spavin, and am pleased to report that it has taken the enlargement completely off. It took only one bottle to perform the cure. I am confident if it is properly used, it will do all you claim for it.

Yours truly, C. M. LINCOLN.

Statement Made Under Oath.

To Whom It May Concern:—I, the year 1875, I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure, a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse ever since very hard, and he never has been lame, nor would I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with Kendall's spavin Cure.

Enosburgh Falls Vt., Feb. 25th, 1879.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 25th day of Feb. A. D. 1879.

JNO. G. JENNE, Justice of the Peace.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

On Human Flesh

PATTEN'S MILLS, WASHINGTON O. N. Y., Feb. 21, 1878.

B. J. KENDALL, M. D., DEAR SIR:—The particular case on which I used your Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months' standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your Spavin Cure put the foot to the ground again, and for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a full 12 months it excels anything we ever used.

Yours truly, REV. M. P. BELLI,

Pastor M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

Kendall's Spavin Cure is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargement such as spavins, splints, curbs, curbs, sprains, swellings, any lameness or rheumatism of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the most liniment for man ever used, acting mild, yet certain in its effects. Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedies have ever met with such unequalled success to our knowledge, for best as well as man. Price, \$1 per bottle or six bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to you by address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. H. A. Rankin & Co., Atlanta, Ga. H. A. Rankin & Co., Nashville, Tenn. Agents.

JAMES HUTCHINSON,

Barber & Hair-dresser,

Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat & fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, Epl. 20, 1878

NEW DRUG STORE

H. F. MONTGOMERY & CO.

West Side Public Square,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Dealers in all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Glass, Stationery, Blank Books, Toilet articles, Lamps, Candles, and all goods in a choice selection of Fancy Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. All goods guaranteed fine and fresh. Special prices made to Merchants and Physicians. Prescriptions carefully compounded by our S. S. Linder, M. D.

JOHN T. MOYE,

Watchmaker

and Jeweller

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Musical Instruments, Spectacles,

ver Plated Ware, Etc.,

MAIN STREET, OXFORD, ALA.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches and Sewing Machines repaired and warranted to work as good as new. Needles for all kinds of Sewing Machines on hand.

The People Appreciate Merit

EAGLE AND PHENIX

PERFECT

BALL SEWING MACHINE

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

PREPARED BY A PROCESS USED IN NO OTHER

IT HAS NO EQUAL

10 Balls to Pound, 1 lb. Package. 20 Balls to Pound, 2 lb. Package.

Packed in Cases of 20, 30, 50, 100 or 500 Patches each.

Uniform Price. Invariable Discount.

Sold by all Jobbers.

ASK FOR "EAGLE & PHENIX." USE NO OTHER

TAX ASSESSOR'S NOTICE.

FIRST ROUND.

I will attend the places mentioned, at the time stated, for the purpose of Assessing the State and County Tax for the year 1881.

Precinct No. 11, White Plains, Monday, April 4th, 1881.
" 12 Davisville, Tuesday, April 5th, 1881.
" 17 Farmerville, Wednesday, April 6th, 1881.
" 13 Oxford, Thursday, April 7th, 1881.
" 15 Aniston, Friday, April 8th, 1881.
" 4 Gannaway's Home, Saturday, April 9th, 1881.
" 14 Sulphur Springs, Sunday, April 10th, 1881.
" 5 Pulaski, Monday, April 11th, 1881.
" 6 Pecks Hill, Tuesday, April 12th, 1881.
" 7 Hollingsworth's, Wednesday, April 13th, 1881.
" 8 Greens S. House, Thursday, April 14th, 1881.
" 9 Cross Plains, Friday, April 15th, 1881.
" 16 Ladiga, Saturday, April 16th, 1881.
" 10 Rabbit Town, Sunday, April 17th, 1881.
" 3 June Bug, Monday, April 18th, 1881.
" Alexandria, Tuesday, April 19th, 1881.
" 1 Jacksonville, Wednesday, April 20th, 1881.
" 4 Gannaway's Schoolhouse, Thursday, April 21st, 1881.
" 5, Greens Schoolhouse, Friday, April 22nd, 1881.
" 7, H. Hollingsworth's, Saturday, April 23rd, 1881.
" 6, Pecks Hill, Sunday, April 24th, 1881.
" 9, Cross Plains, Monday, April 25th, 1881.
" 16, Ladiga, Tuesday, April 26th, 1881.
" 10, Rabbit Town, Wednesday, April 27th, 1881.
" 1, Jacksonville, Thursday, April 28th, 1881.

All persons will please bring with them a list of their property with valuation annexed.

A. B. LEDBETTER, Tax Assessor Calhoun County.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County, Special Term, March 28th, 1881.

This day came Geo. F. Mattison Adm. of the estate of Benjamin Mattison deceased, and filed in court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate, and the personal property thereof. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 22nd day of April, 1881, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which said account and vouchers shall be examined and settled, and that notice thereof be given for three successive weeks, in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as notice to all persons interested in said settlement, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 22nd day of April, 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County, Special Term, March 26th, 1881.

This day came Welcome Duke, Adm. of the will annexed, of the estate of Charles Duke, deceased, and filed in court his account and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 22nd day of April, 1881, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which said account and vouchers shall be examined and settled, and that notice thereof be given for three successive weeks prior to said day, by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as notice to all persons concerned, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 22nd day of April, 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County, Special Term, April 6th, 1881.

This day came P. M. Watson, guardian of the estate of Daniel Hawkins, de'd, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 30th day of April, 1881, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which said account and vouchers shall be examined and settled, and that notice thereof be given for three successive weeks prior to said day, by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as notice to all persons concerned, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 30th day of April, 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

Calhoun County, Special Term, April 6th, 1881.

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PRINTING OFFICE FOR SALE.

Will give a bargain in the sale of the printing office located in a newspaper locality at Jacksonville, Ala. The paper has been in operation for many years and has a large and efficient staff. The office is well equipped with the latest machinery and is in a fine building. The sale is for cash and the price is very low. The buyer will receive the right to use the name of the office for a period of one year. The sale is for cash and the price is very low. The buyer will receive the right to use the name of the office for a period of one year.

L. W. GRANT.

We would like to have an advertiser from every business house in Calhoun County. Write us for terms. State about how long you want your advertisement and how long you want it to run. We will return you a copy of the paper and an advertisement in the paper. The price is very low and the benefit to the advertiser is very great.

J. A. Stevenson has been quite sick and is confined to his room.

Mr. Brown is on a visit to friends in the city.

The lovely Miss Jessie Forney has returned from Selma, where she has been going to school.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable nature of the season, farmers in this section are about as forward as usual.

The new Council organization and re-elected Council, Marshal. Life is a very efficient one.

The new Mayor has had several cases on since his induction into office. He appears to be fairly successful in his duties.

We have a new and elegant single horse carriage which may be had at a bargain. Apply at once.

We are very much obliged to those of our readers who have responded to our notices of account sent out week before last. Let all others do likewise. We must close up the old business at once.

The County Commissioners met on Monday and transacted much business. The session at this season of the year is a busy one. We would like to see the county under consideration at its next meeting the propriety of expending the money in the county Treasury upon public highways and permanent improvements.

We would remind the business men of Calhoun County that we are prepared to do job work in the very best style. We have gone so far as to make arrangements with a firm in Chicago to do wood engraving and specially designed letter heads, notes, drafts, etc. Give us your orders.

Attention is directed to the editorial Card of Dr. S. S. Linder in this issue of the Republican. Dr. Linder comes well recommended and will, no doubt, go at once into a good practice.

Plant corn. Now is the accepted time. There is likely to be a famine in this country next year, if there is a general crop failure this year. The merchants could not, in this contingency, possibly carry the farmers another year. The man who is safe at any rate who has plenty of corn on hand.

By an act passed at the last session of the legislature, Precinct Inspectors, Clerks and Returning Officers of election are each entitled to one dollar and fifty cents, and the returning officer to five cents per mile in going to and returning from the county site, the same being a preferred claim to be paid out of the county treasury.

Mrs. L. W. Canton has returned from Chattanooga to Jacksonville.

The Selma Times, under its new management, will soon wear a new dress. Considerable improvement has already been effected in the paper. These, when perfected, will render the Times one of the most attractive dailies of the South. It comes to us with more uniform regularity than any paper we get.

The Commissioners Court has had a very busy session.

That very clever, popular gentleman, James H. Savage, of Cross Plains, is here doing good service for his clients.—Huntsville Independent.

Our accomplished friend John Caldwell, of Jacksonville, is looking after his clients in the U. S. Court.—Huntsville Advocate.

Many friends are glad to meet that whole souled and estimable gentleman Maj. J. H. Savage, of Cross Plains.—Huntsville Advocate.

We hear it rumored that a sociable church will be given at the residence of Capt. J. D. Brandon, next Monday night the 11th inst. In addition to a delightful program of music, reading, etc., by our home talent, there is a rare treat in store for those of our people who have never heard that exceedingly gifted elocutionist, Jno. M. Caldwell, Esq., of Jacksonville, Alabama.—Huntsville Advocate.

The Messrs Hammond received a mammoth sale Thursday.

Parties who have lands to sell would do well to turn it over to Messrs Stevenson & Grant for sale. They have great facilities for securing purchasers. They will advertise the property free of cost to the party who may wish to sell, and charge a moderate fee for services in event of sale. Parties who apply to them must come prepared to state the very lowest price they will take for their property. Land sellers will notice that they advertise for a place this week. The gentleman who wishes to purchase has the gold in hand to pay for such a place as is desired.

We can give some body a bargain in a Baby Organ; a new organ just offered by Ludden & Bates, of Savannah, Ga. We are enabled to offer a bargain on it because half the price of it will be advertised out with us. It is said to be an elegant instrument for the home and the price is very low.

A correspondent of the Montgomery Advertiser brings out Senator Wm. B. Clarke, of Marengo, for next Governor of Alabama. This makes about the tenth gentleman proposed so far for this position. The next State Convention will have abundance of material to select from.

WANTED.—To buy a first class saddle horse. Apply to Montgomery Co's Drug Store, Jacksonville, Ala.

Capt. W. A. McMillan, of that growing city, Aniston, was in Jacksonville this week. We told him when she reached five thousand inhabitants we would go down and establish the "Daily Manufacturer." Save us a building lot, Captain.

There is to be a parlor entertainment at the hospitable abode of Capt. John D. Brandon, Holmes St. next Monday night, at which delightful music and recitations will constitute the chief features. John M. Caldwell Esq., of Jacksonville, who comes endorsed by the critics of Montgomery and elsewhere as a capital reader, will give, by special request some of his best selections.—Huntsville Independent.

The young man Neighbors, who was charged with the shooting of the alleged Revenue officer near Cross Plains some weeks ago, voluntarily surrendered himself to the authorities and had a preliminary examination of his case before Judge Woods some days ago. He was bound over to answer an indictment by the grand jury and readily gave bond.

Some of our brethren of the press have erroneously reported this case as the killing of a revenue officer by moonshiner. The man did have some connection with the revenue officers as informer, or some thing of that sort, but when killed he was not in the discharge of his duty, but drunk and at a disreputable house, so we are informed. He was killed in a brawl and was the assailant, as we learn.

WANTED TO PURCHASE. For cash, a good small farm—say of about 100 or 120 acres—40 or 50 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation—the remainder well timbered—with dwelling house, stables etc. Plenty of good live water on the place will be a requisite. Any person having such a farm for sale would do well to confer with Messrs Stevenson & Grant, real estate Agents, Jacksonville, Ala.

E. R. Williams challenges the county to show a prettier or better stock of Ladies Shoes as well as a handsomer or better stock of Gents Shoes and Boots than he has now in stock. To see them is to buy them.

Cottonades and other goods manufactured by the Mississippi Mills, best ever brought to this market, at E. R. Williams' store.

High grade of Guanos at Williams'.

Choice Line of Family Groceries at Williams'. He can give bargains in Sugars.

Bargains in Ladies Dress Goods and Dry Goods of all descriptions at E. R. Williams'.

Don't buy Ladies Shoes until you look at Williams' stock. Positively the nicest and best lot ever brought to this market.

The large store at Woodward's corner is packed and jammed with BARGAINS.

You want to get the most goods you can for your money, don't you? Well, then, go to Williams'.

We respectfully invite the business men of Jacksonville who are not advertising to let us present them to the public through our columns. Look over the paper and see if you are represented in our advertising columns.

Mrs. Morgan, of this place, is on a visit to friends in Montgomery.

ALEXANDRIA.—Farmers are working to make up for lost time during severe weather past. The past winter is said to have been the hardest ever known in this latitude. Even the blackberry vines, in exposed places, are killed to the ground by the cold. There will be no peaches and but little fruit of any kind but little wheat sown last fall, owing to bad weather. Fall sown oats looking well. Spring oats do not promise much. There will be but little cotton planted before the 20th of this month. More commercial fertilizers used this season than usual. More corn in the sack bought this year than usual. The health of this section good. Uncle Eliha McClellan is still improving. Dr. Cochran, who has recently moved here is getting a good practice. Our merchants are doing well. Mr. C. N. Martin has opened out a stock in the store formerly occupied by Crook and Bra. Mr. E. F. Crook and S. L. Green have formed a partnership. Mr. Berry Smith is building on his lot in front of Mr. Green's residence. Our academy is in full blast. Rev. W. S. Griffin of the Baptist and Rev. Mr. Hawkins of the Methodist church preach for us. Both excellent men. Taking all things into consideration, without bragging, we think we are doing well here, and as clever people as can be found on the globe.

MORE ANON.

Oh, What A Cough? Will you heed the warning. The signal of a cough is the approach of that most terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford the risk of getting 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This cure has cured more than a million Coughs since the first year. It cures Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lane Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Ointment. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

One splendid platform spring wagon with pole, shafts and movable top for sale.

James Crook.

A bachelor suffering with a cold was handed a dose of Cassen's Honey of Tar by his sister. "What is it?" he asked. "Blessed Aromatic, it will make you feel ecstatic." He replied, "You are very systematic." Down went the Honey of Tar and cured his cough. Price 50c. For sale by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

You may not believe it, but try it and you will be convinced that Portia, or Tabler's Vegetable Liver Powder is the best medicine in the world to regulate the stomach and liver. Price 50c. For sale by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

Farmers would do well to call on Crow Bros. and try some of the new brands of guano sold by them as chemists say it is of the highest grade.

A large lot of brogans just received by Crow Bros. which they propose to sell cheap for cash.

Symptoms & Liver Complaint.

It is not worth the small price of 15 cents to free yourself from this distressing complaint. If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Ala.

Crow Bros. have just received a large lot of Spring goods, No. 10s, etc., which they invite the ladies to call and examine.

Attention is directed to the double column advertisement of the new drug firm of Montgomery & Co. They are determined to give Jacksonville a first-class Drug Store in all its appointments. Mr. Linder, a young physician of education and skill in his profession, will tend to the dispensing of prescriptions. The firm is too well and favorably known to need commendation at our hands.

Tribute of Respect.

Whereas, by the advice and intercession of Providence of God, our "Circle of Unity" has been broken and our worthy and well beloved sister, S. K. Scott has been taken from her labors in the Lodge below and transplanted in Heaven, a white flower to bloom in the Savior's breast.

Resolved that it be resolved by Jacksonville Lodge No. 63 I. O. G. T., that in the death of Sister Scott, this Lodge has lost one of its most zealous and efficient members; a member who was beautiful in life, sweet and smooth in spirit, and as pure in mind and heart as the unstained snow; one who was ever kind and loving to all and by all loved.

Resolved that, that the hearts of our members be a cloud of sorrow and that they be united in prayer for the soul of our sister, that the richest blessings of heaven may attend them, and that they save them with her daughter, and their mother in the "Sweet fields of Eden."

Resolved that a copy of this preamble and resolutions be tendered to the family of the deceased, and that they be copied in our minutes, and a copy furnished the Jacksonville Republican with a request that the same be published.

W. B. TEDDER, J. B. WHITE, ANN CROZIER, Com.

WANTED TO SELL.—One good yoke large steers, cheap. Apply to JAS. MOHON, Jacksonville, Ala.

WANTED.—To sell a second hand Linder Distributor for \$10. Now in use on plantation of R. D. Williams, Esq. Apply to Republic office.

NOTASUGA, ALA., July 7, 1877. Bradford's Female Regulator has been thoroughly tested by me in a great variety of cases, and I am fully convinced that it is a cure for all that class of diseases which it claims to cure. J. C. HUSS, M. D.

In a few days E. R. Williams, at Woodward's corner store, will have his entire stock of Spring Goods in store, and no prettier or more tasteful selection of goods can be seen in the State than will grace his shelves. Meantime a large per cent of his Spring Goods have already arrived. The public, ladies especially, are invited to call and examine them.

Mr. EDITOR.—To say the least of it the conduct of the boys before the M. E. Church door last Sunday night was disgraceful. By their noisy demonstrations they not only interrupted and embarrassed the minister, but they seriously annoyed every one in the church. Now these forward youngsters may not know that they violated both a State law and town ordinance by their disgraceful behavior. If they escape presentation to the next grand jury they may consider themselves fortunate. Certainly if they repeat it, they will not only be arrested and tried before the Mayor, but they will be prosecuted in the Circuit Court to the full extent of the law.

OBITUARY.

Died in Jacksonville, of pneumonia, after a short confinement to his bed, April 4th 1881, R. C. Lester, in the 65th year of his age.

Deceased was born in Greenville, S. C., May 28th, 1816, and emigrated to Alabama and settled in Jacksonville in his early manhood. He was a member of the early settlers of the place, and made his residence here continuously until the day of his death. He was twice married and blessed with children by both unions; some of the children of whom were in distant States when he breathed his last. He was a member of the M. E. Church for over thirty years. For years previous to his death he was afflicted with an affection of the lungs that rendered labor more than usually arduous to him; yet, almost to the day of his death he was a hard-working man, anxious to provide well for those whom God had committed to his care. Rather negative than positive in character, he was not a man of striking peculiarities, but if the whole history of his life could be written out, it would form a chapter of plain and useful fortitude and suffering, fidelity to the responsibilities of life and contentment under all circumstances that has been rarely equalled. During a long life here he enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow-men. But a few days prior to his death he was a member of the Grand Jury, which responsible position attests the confidence with which he was regarded. Peace to his ashes.

JUST RECEIVED

J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS, An Elegant Stock of

SPRING GOODS, Shoes, Hats, of latest styles, for both Gentlemen and Ladies, embracing

DRESS GOODS, for Spring wear, of all descriptions, Prints, Linens, Lawns, Pique, plain and fancy, etc., all at closer figures than ever.

GENTLEMEN'S Clothing, of latest patterns and noblist styles. Our Stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES is kept fully up to the demands of the day.

AGRICULTURAL Implements, of all kinds. Also, Hardware, Cutlery and the ware in abundance.

THANKING our friends for past favors, we are ever ready to show goods and prices to all. Don't fail to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere for our goods are very attractive.

GARDEN & FLOWER Seeds, for the Ladies, always kept by us. Send us the time to plant.

CALL SOON and be convinced that we are selling at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES for cash.

Truly, J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS, Jacksonville.

SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil.

Penry Henson, Locust, Ga. We have known "Scott's Syphilitic Specific" tested in hundreds of cases of Syphilis, Mercurial Poisoning, Scrofula, etc. It made the most perfect and permanent cures in every case.

High L. Danner, Sam D. Killen, Judge Savannah, Ga. E. J. Warren, Esq. Clerk Supr. Court, Wm. Brunson, Esq. Warren, J. W. Wimberly, J. C. Gillet, Druggist, J. W. Mann, County Treasurer, Wm D. Pierce, Sheriff, C. C. Duncan, Day & Gordon. I am acquainted with the proprietors and many of the gentlemen whose signatures appear to the foregoing certificate. They are men of high character and standing.

A. H. COLGATE, Proprietors, New York, N. Y.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Atlanta, Ga.

Sold by all Druggists. Enquire for Copy of "Young Men's Friend." Sent 1-ly—copy.

Do You Want Health? Why will you die? Death, or what is worse, is the inevitable result of continued suspension of the menstrual flow. It is a condition which should not be trifled with. It is the only safeguard against constitutional ruin. In all cases of suppression, suspension or other irregularity of the "courses," Bradford's Female Regulator is the only remedy. It acts by giving tone to the nervous centres, improving the blood and determining directly to the organs of menstruation. It is a legitimate prescription, and the most intelligent physicians use it. Prepared by Dr. W. Bradford, Atlanta, Ga. \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

NOTASUGA, ALA., July 7, 1877. Bradford's Female Regulator has been thoroughly tested by me in a great variety of cases, and I am fully convinced that it is a cure for all that class of diseases which it claims to cure. J. C. HUSS, M. D.

The Seaboard & Dalton

AND—

East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroads.

Forms the quickest and most comfortable route to

Eastern Cities.

—AND—

ONLY ROUTE

—TO THE—

Watering Places

—OR—

East Tennessee and Virginia

The principal Inducements are

SPLENDID SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.

The only line passing through the mountainous regions of East Tennessee and Virginia. For information address,

JAS. R. OGDEN, G. P. A., Knoxville, RAY KNIGHT, A. Q. P. A., Selma.

TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS:

MAIL TRAINS DAILY.

No. 22, North, Stations. No. 21, South.

4:45 a.m. Selma Ar. 10:30 a.m. 4:45 a.m. Randolph Lv. 7:50 a.m. 7:25 a.m. Monticello 6:54 p.m. 8:05 a.m. Calera 6:35 p.m. 8:30 a.m. Talladega 8:47 p.m. 11:30 a.m. Oxford 2:10 p.m. 12:25 p.m. Jacksonville 1:50 p.m. 3:53 p.m. Rome 11:30 a.m. 4:45 p.m. Dalton 8:50 a.m. 6:20 p.m. Ar. Cleveland Lv. 9:35 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS. DAILY—SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

No. 21, North, Stations. No. 23, South.

4:45 p.m. Selma Ar. 10:30 a.m. 4:45 p.m. Randolph Lv. 7:50 a.m. 7:25 p.m. Monticello 6:54 p.m. 8:05 a.m. Calera 6:35 p.m. 8:30 a.m. Talladega 8:47 p.m. 11:30 a.m. Oxford 2:10 p.m. 12:25 p.m. Jacksonville 1:50 p.m. 3:53 p.m. Rome 11:30 a.m. 4:45 p.m. Dalton 8:50 a.m. 6:20 p.m. Ar. Cleveland Lv. 9:35 a.m.

Tickets low as any other route.

Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agt. Jan 29, 1881.

Louisville & Great Southern RAILROAD LINE

The Quickest and Shortest ROUTE TO ALL PORTS

NORTH & EAST, Only One Change of Cars

TO CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, Philadelphia, N. York, Boston

AND THE BEST ROUTE TO BALTIMORE & WASHINGTON

PULLMAN PALACE CARS Run through from Birmingham to MOBILE NEW ORLEANS LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.

Trains run as follows:

Lv. Birmingham 5:25 a.m. 12:01 p.m. Ar. Louisville 11:35 a.m. 3:25 p.m.

Lv. Birmingham 4:15 a.m. 5:50 p.m. Ar. Mobile 10:50 a.m. 12:50 a.m. Ar. New Orleans 12:45 p.m. 10:12 a.m.

Agents at all stations can give you full and reliable information as to time and connections to all points and with passenger rates and through tickets on application. For further information address

C. P. ATMORE, G. P. A. Louisville, Ky.

A CARD

About three years ago we were requested by some of our employees to purchase sewing machines for them. After a careful examination of all the leading machines we were convinced that the "White" was the best sewing machine manufactured, and we bought six. These instantly created a demand for more, and without special effort on our part, the demand has grown so that we are now selling

100 Machines a year

and our sales are continually increasing. This is the best evidence of the superior merits of the "White."

WOODSTOCK IRON COMPANY, Aniston, Ala.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

OF THE

White Sewing Machine

IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS SALES AMOUNT TO

54,853 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

It is the Lightest-Running, Best Sewing Machine

IN THE WORLD.

PRICES, 25 TO 40 DOLLARS.

For Sale by

WOODSTOCK IRON CO., Aniston, Ala.

FREE TO ALL. Our new illustrated book, containing descriptions and prices of all the leading sewing machines, is being sent free to all who will send us a card.

NEUNER, Louisville, Ky.

CITY BAR!

The undersigned has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of

LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKEY,

Direct from the Distillery, as well as

Apple and Peach Brandies,

His Liquors are bought under bond and he knows them to be fine and pure. A general line of goods in Liquors of all brands. Beers, Cider, &c., including Sacramento Wine. Also a large lot of fine Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff.

My Billiard Parlor

is still the favorite resort of those who love the game. Respectfully,

JNO RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala.

X B—Persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle accounts by Cash or Note. Jan 29—3m

J. D. FOSTER & CO., Rome, Ga. F. W. HART, Atlanta.

HART, FOSTER & CO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Cash, Blinds and Builders Material.

—A GOOD STOCK IN STORE OF—

WHITE OR YELLOW PINE.

Estimates Furnished on Application. All extra sizes to order on short notice and at bottom prices. Will duplicate Chattanooga, or Atlanta prices, saving our customers the freight. Office with J. D. Foster & Co. One block from E. M. Street, on the Ocala river, June 13, 17

W. C. LAND, WATSONMAKER, JEWELER.

Also, agent for Mexico, CT Table cutlery and silver and plated ware. Also agent for Elgin Watch Co. and other American make. May, 1st 1880

W. W. HARRISON, Physician and Surgeon, OFFICE OVER

CARPENTER'S STORE

CALEBSON COLLEGE. The exercises of Calhoun College will be resumed on the SECOND MONDAY in January 1881. Terms the same as last year. W. J. BORDEN, Prin. Dec. 25—17

FOUND.

A Remedy That is Sure and effectual cure for all diseases of the Blood Skin, Scrofula, Cancer in its worst form, White Scrofula, Catarrh, Cancer of the womb and all chronic sores, no matter how long standing, we guarantee a cure if our remedies are used according to directions.

Smith's Scrofula Syrup and STAR CURINE.

With these two medicines combined we have cured hundreds of cases of the different diseases mentioned above.

SMITH'S SCROFULA SYRUP

is an internal remedy, one of the best purifiers known to the American people

Star Curine

is an external remedy; by applying it on the outside and using Smith's Scrofula Syrup, your case will be easy to cure.

To All Our Friends.

100

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA; SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2297.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

Terms of Advertising:

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view,
Her loveliness I never knew.
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are ozy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cuban disaster in 1841, one of a large handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors in that most unhappy expedition. And a weary, heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant Governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure, had the worst forebodings for its fate; and although he did all an able, kindly and well-mannered man could do to maintain the spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe—indeed it is painful for me even now to recall—the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army. Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting there for hours that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when at last the news came that the sole survivor had staggered, half alive, back to his countrymen, with the tidings of the great disaster, the wall which ascended from those heart-broken creatures I shall never while I live forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, an old acquaintance of mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to all his friends that his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah, although why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow, and a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking, half insane mad-cap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirits, little education or culture, a great, almost marvellous, talent for languages, with a soft heart, and an easy temper. It was impossible to make him angry; and in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity, which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with Fortune, and knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle goddess had played him, was that she had married him. Why he ever married as he did, no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was simply passable as to looks, with a liveliness of good health and youth—a quality not unapt to develop itself in vivacity of temper when those other attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly had asked her the momentous question, and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were. Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his former bachelor round in any respect; and as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented his indifference, and chafed at a line for herself. It may be easily supposed that the one was not adverse to brandy and water, or the other to gossip and flirtation. They never quarreled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it could be called, of Captain Donnelly, when he was ordered on General Elphinstone's expedition. His wife would have remained at Calcutta, but as all wives were going to Agra, she for very shame was obliged to go there also. On the rumors of disasters she was very indifferent—said she was sure Jerry would turn up at the most inconvenient time, and that if he was happy, she was. When, however, the tidings were confirmed, and it was certain that Jerry had perished with his comrades, a great change came over her. She shut herself up for months, saw no one, and went nowhere. And when at the end of nearly a year she began once more to look at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful, softened woman. She went up to Calcutta after that, and I never saw her again until I came home on a furlough in 1857. She was then living in a pretty place in Somersetshire and was known as Mrs. Courtney, of Brantley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very glad to see me, and explained to me what I had not heard, that when she arrived at Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had, four months before he left Agra, succeeded to this place of Brantley Hall by the death of a distant relation. He had previously made a will leaving her all his worldly goods, then slender enough, so that in the end this fine estate had come to her, and a new name with it. She asked me to come down and see her, which I did, and learned more of her history.

Courtney, which was a condition on which the bequest was made.

"You know, Colonel Hastings, I could not have lost the estate, for what would poor Jerry have said when he came back?" I thought the woman's head must have been affected by her troubles, and said nothing.

"I see you think me deranged, but I know he was alive all the time."

"Why, what could have led you to think so?"

"I saw him, Colonel Hastings. It was in our old bungalow at Calcutta, about two years after I had gone back. Late in the evening I heard a footstep outside which strangely affected me. I was lying half asleep, and starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice at the verandah, and, as I thought, inquiring of my stupid old native whether I lived there. The steps then turned away. I darted to the casement, and although the figure was clad in the extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments, I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down stairs and rushed out, but the man had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir, who wished to get in the bungalow, but could or would tell me nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I am certain he will come back—but you remember he never was punctual," she added, with a faint smile.

I did not say to her that if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him in some other way; but I took leave of her, and shortly afterwards returned to India.

In 1855, I was appointed to an embassy to Nepal, a very striking country, governed by a powerful warlike race. The first minister or vizier of the country met us, as is the Nepalese fashion, outside the capital, and we had a very courteous and gratifying reception. He is a tall, handsome man, with a flowing black beard, and conversed with me in Parisian, which I spoke fluently. After our interview, one of the attendants informed me that the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an inner apartment. He ordered the attendants to withdraw, and then, in tones only too familiar, he exclaimed:

"Well Hastings, my boy, how go the plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly, by all that was marvellous. I had observed him staring curiously at me during the interview, and something in his gestures seemed not unfamiliar to me, but his flowing beard, solemn air, and Oriental dress, so much disguised him, that even when I heard the well remembered voice, I could scarcely realize his identity.

"But what on earth are you doing here, Jerry," said I, "and why don't you go home to your wife, like a Christian?"

"My wife! well that's the whole affair. You see, she's somebody's else's wife, so I'm better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophy should commit bigamy."

"I assure you, you are entirely mistaken. Mrs. Donnelly has not married again."

"Hasn't she, though?" said he. "Don't I know better? Didn't I go to my own bungalow and find out that she married that starved old Courtney, when she knew I never could endure him?"

To his intense astonishment, I told him how the truth was, and in return he related to me his own adventures. He had been carried into Tartary, and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepal. Being by that time a proficient in the language he was taken notice of at court, but very strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta, but finding, as he thought, his wife married again to a man in his old regiment, he returned, was taken into favor, and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I always was a blundering fool but I went home with a heart so soft to Sophy, and knowing that I never would vex her any more with my vagaries, that when I heard her called Mrs. Courtney I was turned to stone, and did not care a rap what came of me, not even to be made a vizier, which, I assure you, Charlie, is no joke in my way."

"Well, at all events, you must come home now, and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am not sure about that," said he. "Recollect, she has grown accustomed to be mistress—I have grown accustomed to be vizier; she won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I never could bear, and what I never allowed on any account. Now, if I went home, she would not be mistress, and, as sure as fate, she would contradict me. Maybe it is better as it is."

Next morning he sent for me again.

"I have been thinking," he said, of all that strange story you told me. I am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man I used to be, and am not sure that I could trust Sophy well. But ask her to come out here, and then she can try. If she likes me in this outlandish place, I will go home with her; if we quarrel here, no one will be a bit the wiser, and I can continue to be dead."

"But," said I, "have you no innumerable? Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment."

An Exciting Adventure.

Father Maloney, a Catholic missionary, well known in all parts of Nevada, was visiting White Pine, recently, and was interviewed by a reporter who gained from him material for a long and interesting narrative. We publish one of his adventures, as well as his thrilling account of a grizzly idea of the fatigue and privations willingly undergone by the men of whom Father Maloney is a worthy representative.

"Recently," said the Reverend Father, "I tried to cross into Ruby Valley, just sixty miles from here, to perform a baptism. There is no house between here and there, and I was never before on the same road. I thought I could make it by having an early start, as I had ridden on several occasions during last Summer several five miles per day, collecting funds for my church. Everything being ready, my horse was shod, etc., and I started out at eight o'clock on Monday morning. Everything went merry as a marriage bell until I came to the Cherry Creek summit, where I encountered a heavy snow."

"Nothing daunted, I proceeded on my way feeling well as 'gay as a lark,' thinking that the snow would not be so deep as I proceeded. But instead of getting lighter the snow became deeper and deeper. Yet I would not return, and was still under the impression that I could make Ruby Valley. Besides, I felt half-determined to return, as such action might denote cowardice, and cowardice I cannot tolerate in any one, much less in myself. The snow lasted all day, two feet deep, and frozen over on top, which made it more difficult of travel, as it was not frozen strong enough to keep the horse up, which at every step went down knee-deep, and with much ado at times to extricate himself."

"At five o'clock in the evening I found myself ascending the summit between Long and Ruby Valleys, when I then and there got into about three feet of snow on the level. No road was then recognizable. Even the sagebrush was not to be seen. The whole region round was covered with the deep, deep snow, to a depth of three feet on the level, and in the drifts six to ten feet. My horse sunk and fell down under me. I jumped off and fell down alongside of him."

"Imagine my feelings in such a predicament! It was snowing at the time, and the wind was howling terribly, such as it is wont to be in Nevada. All this, coupled with the night coming on, and with the dreadful prospect of one foot of snow more being on the ground before morning, rendered my situation gloomy and desolate in the extreme."

"My horse, now leg-tired and weary, and myself ex-ho, I lost all hopes of escape. The danger, however, seemed to nerve me up, and in fact it almost made me mad; so I ploughed through the snow as best I could."

"My horse, which I still held by the reins, jumped up and followed after, and in half an hour we found ourselves on comparative terra firma, just fifty yards away, on a side hill, under a wide-spreading pine. We were still standing on a foot of snow. The wind was high and there was a drizzling sleet. I had matches in my pocket in abundance, well secured, and thought that it would be a good idea to light a fire."

"It is very easy to talk about lighting a fire, but it was not easy to do so in such a place as I was in. I had no sticks, circumstances. I was cold at the time. My hands and clothing were wet, and even the bark which I pulled off the pine seemed to be saturated with moisture, and it was impossible for me to start a fire. I tried and tried in vain. Match after match was ignited, and as often expired without any effect, and so I gave it up as a bad job."

"And now no fire, no possibility of proceeding any further, and not much prospect of rescue, as I was then thirty-six miles from home! My horse was tired, and the average depth of snow over the thirty-six miles was two feet."

"I began to think seriously on what was to be done; yet there was no time for thinking or musing, as something had to be done, and that immediately. To remain till morning under that dismal tree or to almost certainly perish from cold, or if I survived the night, but were a thousand to one chances of slow but sure starvation, six to one more of snow would keep me there forever."

"Such were my thoughts, when suddenly I heard a bark! It startled me, and I thought of St. Bernard's dog in the mountain fastnesses of Switzerland, which saved the lives of many hundred snow-bound travellers in the Alps."

"My joy was great, and I exclaimed to myself, 'What can this be? Surely some friendly aid must be near at hand—some miner or woodman's cabin must be close by; for I have heard that familiar bark of the favored domestic of the miner or woodman in these isolated and distant regions; or perhaps an Indian wigwam, which would afford me covering and shelter for the night.'"

"But my cheering hopes were so disappointed. In vain did I look around me for the smoke and whistled-for cabin. No Indian wigwams or domestic dog greeted my gaze; but, in an instant, like a flash of lightning, I was surrounded by a pack of coyotes, six in number, which seemed to dip with me the mastery of the place. But not with any motive or evil aforethought did I disturb their den. I had no love or longing for the spot, and would have left it alone if they had the grace of letting me alone."

"Apprehending my own and my horse's simultaneous set up a yell, which seemed to me penetrated the very skies. They growled, and howled, and snarled, and barked, until it seemed as if the heavens as well as the woods were awaking with infuriated, maddened, raging, hungry, demon-like coyotes. Cerberus at Pluto's gates could not open more ferocious. Their very eye-balls seemed to start from their sockets!"

"'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'What am I to do now! It was bad enough before, but it is a thousand times worse now.' There is or can be no exaggeration, my dear interviewer."

I was never, even when young, considered a coward. Yet I felt in much the same state of mind as the Latin poet Virgil experienced when he first got a view of the infernal regions, and when he stood on end, and my voice along to my jaws. And could you imagine it, sir? They did not devour me; and here I am, after all, in comparatively good strength and spirits after my Robinson Crusoe adventure."

"But to return to the wolves. I had no means of defence. I am now sixteen years 'roughing it,' as Mark Twain would say, and I never carried with me a pistol or revolver. I had never till then any need for one. The only weapon of defence I had at the time was my razor; I always carry my razor with me when making a journey of any length. This I secured in a hurry from my saddle-bags, and in a moment, as Tom Moore would say, 'my sword, such as it was, was fleshed to the hilt.' As the savage brutes were approaching me I made a rush at them with my razor, and with all the gentleness, abouts and graces I could put on, I thought to scare them by aping their own savagery. But to no purpose. They would not leave, nor would they approach at a nearer distance than twelve feet."

"At last I got accustomed to them. I knew they were hungry, and I was getting hungry myself. The poet says that a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind—at least, we did not molest one another from that on."

"My horse began to plough away once again at the snow. The coyotes followed me for about three miles, and after that I saw them no more."

"The night was dark as Erebus. Not a star appeared to throw one cheering ray upon me, and there was a light, drizzling sleet all night."

"My horse's gait could not be faster than two miles an hour. The tracks made during the day were now closed by the drifting and falling snow, and everything—snow, darkness, haze, wolves—made it the most dreary night I ever experienced. Yet I managed to get home the following morning at five o'clock, being just twenty-one hours in the saddle."

"I am now partially restored to my usual spirits and elasticity of mind, and expect ere long to be able again to compete with the boys in any feat of jumping, racing, or stone-throwing."

"Altogether, however, I look upon my narrow escape from death as a special protection of Divine Providence."

Seriousness Itself.

When three rival western railroads—say three running out of Chicago—get into a rumput, cut rates and vow they will carry passengers and freight free, it is a lover's quarrel, and must soon end. Before the public has much benefit from the break the president of the road which is losing the most money invites the others to come and see him regarding a new style of cattle car. They make their appearance on time, light fresh cigars, settle down in easy chairs, and Mr. 1 remarks:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but the model of the new car referred to was accidentally broken last night."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," says No. 2.

"In the least," adds No. 3.

"Now that you are both here and I happen to think of it, I may be pardoned for saying that my read can continue this cutting business for an indefinite period and still pay dividends."

"And so can mine."

"And so can mine."

"No doubt of it, gentlemen—not the least doubt. This afternoon I insured my General passenger agent to cut rates one dollar lower."

"And so did I."

"And so did I."

"But while sitting here I have been led to inquire of myself why any of us should cut rates. There is traffic enough for us all at good rates."

"Yes, that's so."

"The public do not thank us for this cut. We might carry ten thousand passengers to St. Louis and not receive even a thank you."

"Not a thank."

"No, not a thank."

"Therefore, gentlemen, seeing that we are all here together, and seeing that a hard winter is approaching, I feel like signing an agreement to restore old rates."

"So do I."

"So do I."

"Very well. We will sign our names to this contract, and I will order George to bring the bottles of champagne and a lunch. Excuse my bland smile, gentlemen, but I feel good."

"And I was never more happy."

"And I am serenely itself."

And next day rates are restored to the old figures."

Rescued by a Horse.

Dr. Whitlock tells us a story of a narrow escape which his father-in-law, Murdock McKenzie, who lives in San Bernardino, Cal., recently had. Mr. McKenzie owns a young bull, a gentle enough animal ordinarily, and being in the pasture where the bull with other stock is confined, the worthy gentleman was taking him for the forelock, as it were, by pulling on the halter, when the bull, which submitted quietly to the operation. But just as soon as Mr. McKenzie turned to leave him, the animal made a headlong rush for him, knocking him senseless to the earth, where he lay for the time senseless, the bull endeavoring unsuccessfully to gore him as he lay prostrate. Now comes the strangest part of the incident. About one hundred yards distant from where Mr. McKenzie was engaged with the bull, a favorite mare and colt were quietly feeding, but no sooner was the worthy gentleman struck by the vicious animal than both mare and colt were observed flying to his rescue with the speed of the wind, and charging upon the bull drove him away with hoof and teeth, thus enabling Mr. McKenzie who had recovered his senses in the mean time, to stagger to the fence and climb out of danger. His first recollection, however, after being struck, was of the colt rubbing its nose upon his face, as much as to say, 'I'm very sorry, but we hurried up as fast as we could.'

—There are 24 cubic feet of loose earth in a ton.

Chemical Composition of Fruit.

In a late lecture, Prof. Caldwell, in talking on the chemical composition of fruit, mentioned some of the leading components, as pectose, and the free organic acids, including the malic and tartaric acids. To these acids the sour taste is due. More prominent than pectose is sugar, which in peaches may run as low as 14 per cent, but exceeds 4 per cent, in sweet cherries, and sometimes runs as high as 15 per cent. The albumoids exist in small quantities in fruits. Prof. C. stated that in order to get as much consequent nutriment as is contained in 9 ounces of fresh white of egg, one would have to eat, according to analysis, 110 ounces of cherries, 138 oz. of grapes, 194 of strawberries, 247 of gooseberries, 52 of apples, or 400 of pears. The agreeable quality of fruits depends on the proportion between acid, sugar, pectin, gum, cellulose, &c., and the aroma is due to the essential oils in minute proportions, whose quantity has never been determined; also on the relation between soluble and insoluble matters, to which the melting quality of some fruits is largely due. As the fruit ripens, the insoluble pectose is partly converted into pectin, and the fruit softens. The free acids generally diminish, but in the apple it sometimes increases for a short time, and then diminishes till the fruit is ripe. On the other hand, the sugar usually increases steadily in the apple and pear, but in the grape makes a sudden leap as it approaches maturity. It fills midsummer, the soluble and insoluble matters remain about equal, but in August the soluble matters begin to get the upper hand, and the ripe fruit becomes soft or melting. Great changes are made in comparatively few days in the ratio between the acids and sugar in the grape. Treatment has been found to influence these changes, and cultivation to improve the quality of fruit. Ripening, as well as weather, affects these changes, and acids are greatly reduced in quantity in pears and apples by the ripening process; but its effect on grapes has not been sufficiently investigated. It is worthy of careful examination in what way cultivation acts, and when well understood we may largely control flavor, or modify it to some extent. All these considerations open a wide field for future investigation. Prof. Caldwell remarked that the important fact has been determined that while the presence of potash is important, soda cannot take its place, although the two alkalis are so similar.

Reverend Artist.

The following incident took place in Germany, recently during a performance of "Fidelio" at the Town Theatre of Mayence. Herr Mann, the leading baritone of the company, was about, in the character of the wicked Don Pizarro, to undergo the penalty of his evil deeds, the stage "business" requiring that he should be led away to confinement by two guards at a sign from the Minister of State. The brace of "supers" told off for this duty were private soldiers, belonging to an artillery regiment in garrison at Mayence—two sturdy Brandenburghers, drilled and disciplined to a nicety. As they took up the position assigned to them on either side of Pizarro, previous to marching him off the stage, the chorists interested with the part of "officer commanding escort" whispered to them:

"Remember, the man is a state prisoner. Guard him carefully."

Obedient to orders, they led Pizarro away to his dressing-room, where he rapidly exchanged his theatrical costume for private clothes, and, opening his door, was about to go home to his supper, when, when, to his amazement, he found that his passage was barred by a couple of cross-dressed halibuts. Indignantly inquiring of the inflexible supers facing him with outstretched weapons "what they meant by interfering with his movements," he received the stolid reply that "they had strict orders to guard him closely as a State prisoner, and that the man must not be allowed to leave the theatre."

Summer Tours of 1881.

Already the notes of preparation for the Summer, the being heard on every side. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, during the coming season, present greater facilities than ever for visitors to the many mountain and seaside resorts reached by it. All the advantages offered in previous seasons in the way of excursion tickets, fast and frequent trains, Palace coaches, and splendid passenger equipment will be continued, which will insure to passengers still greater comforts and conveniences. With its leased and controlled lines, it reaches direct to all the popular watering places on the New Jersey coast; and all the famous mountain resorts of Pennsylvania, and no expense is spared to provide speed, safety, and luxurious accommodations for its patrons. Fast express trains will be run to Long Branch, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Ocean Beach, Spring Lake, Elberon, Deal Beach, Point Pleasant, Beach Haven, Long Beach, etc. A new branch now in course of construction will be finished to Sea Side Park, adding another delightful ocean resort to the already large number touched by the lines of this great corporation. On the West Jersey Railroad, (which is also controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company) which reaches to Atlantic City and Cape May; many improvements have been made, most prominent of which are frequent long sidings, giving all the advantages of a double track; the running of the trains by the system so successful on the Pennsylvania Railroad—and the placing of water tanks between the tracks enabling engines to take up water while in motion, thus allowing trains to run through without stoppages. A marked feature of all these lines is the thorough construction of the roadbed, the smooth running of the trains, and the ease and freedom from dust being particularly noticeable. For travel to the mountains, there will be found the usual high standard of accommodation, and those preferring a jaunt in the country, a sojourn in the valleys, or on the mountain tops, will find every convenience for quick and enjoyable transit to Kano, Renovo, Delaware Water Gap, Altoona and Cressona.

—The state debt of Connecticut is \$4,997,000.

—Johnstown has 10,000 tons of ice in one building.

Grace Darling.

On the morning of September 7, 1838, William Darling and his daughter were out earlier than usual. A terrible gale was blowing from the north, accompanied with rain, and both of them were on the alert at the dawn of day to make things secure about the lighthouse before the turn of the tide. At a quarter to five, when the daylight was still imperfect, Grace observed a steamer ashore on a craggy island half a mile distant, and she called the attention of her father to it. The sea was breaking so violently over the vessel, and the morning was so dark that more than two hours passed before they could be sure whether or not there were living persons on the vessel. But about seven they saw three or four human figures upon the rocks near the steamer, and they began at once to consider whether it was possible to save them.

Both thought they could get to the wreck, but not back again unless assisted by some of the rescued persons, as on their return there would be a strong tide to contend with. They concluded to take the risk, both being in perfect accord from the beginning to the end of the affair. Precisely what they did was related by the father in his official letter to the Light-house Board, now published for the first time.

"We agreed," he said, "that if we could get to them, some of them would be able to assist us back, without which we could not return; and, having no idea of a Possibility of a Boat coming from North Sunderland, we immediately launched our Boat, and was enabled to gain the rock, where we found 8 men and 1 woman, which I judged rather too many to take at once in the state of the Weather; therefore, took the Women and four Men to the Longstone; two of them returned with me, and succeeded in bringing the remainder, in all 9 persons, safely to the Longstone about nine o'clock."

That is the exact statement of the case by honest William Darling, who had no romance in his composition. His daughter Grace assisted him to row his boat about one mile, although in a straight line the distance was only a half mile, and helped him to rescue from a very painful situation one woman and four men. Having done this, she went into the light-house and devoted herself with her mother's aid, to the care and restoration of the rescued. The storm was of such violence and duration that the shipwrecked persons had to remain with them two days and nights, as it was not possible to communicate with the mainland.

The sufferings of the poor woman, Grace Darling wrote afterwards, "seemed to me to be rarely equalled, having struggled nearly two hours to save her dear children; they both died of her hands." Grace Darling performed a highly creditable act; but neither she nor her father would have supposed they had done anything so very extraordinary if they had not been told so by others. Nor indeed can it be truly said that she saved lives. The tide was falling, leaving more and more of the rock free from water, and in a short time other assistance came.

The nearest village to the Farne Island is Bumborough, two or three miles distance. A gentleman living there, who probably knew the excellent character of the Darlings, sent an account of the affair to the Duke of Northumberland (then living at his seat near by) who was then the president of the Royal Humane Society. The duke called attention to the exploit, and the result was that the gold medal of the Humane Society was awarded to both father and daughter, accompanied by letters of extravagant and ill-expressed eulogium.

All this getting into the newspapers, the English people did not stop to scrutinize a tale which appealed so strongly to their love of courage and fidelity. Medals and other presents came pouring into the light-house. The Shipwreck Society of Newcastle and similar societies among that dangerous coast awarded their medals to father and daughter. The Duke of Northumberland had the good sense to send to William Darling a complete suit of water proof clothing, and the Duchess gave Mrs. Darling a silver tea pot, "to be constantly used by her, and afterwards to belong to Grace L. Darling." In the good old fashioned way, the Duchess sent the family four pounds of tea, to Mrs. Darling, a water-proof camel cloth hood, so Grace's cloak like her mother's, a silver-gilt watch, a gold seal, a prayer book, and a short Commentary on the Bible.

The English people are so constituted that they wish to do whatever is done by dukes and duchesses. Of course, they gave a fashion to give presents to Grace Darling. The Lighthouse Board sent her fifty pounds; Sir Francis and Miss Bland sent thirty pounds. The ladies of Edinburgh collected for her more than eighty pounds; and money kept coming in until the sum amounted to seven hundred and fifty pounds.

Her celebrity became extremely inconvenient to them all. Managers of theatres and circuses tried to engage her as an attraction, one offering her ten pounds a week if she would appear for fifteen minutes every evening in a play founded upon the saving of life from shipwreck. Hundreds wrote for her autograph, and many of her autographs were sold at fairs for the benefit of sailors; and so many people asked her for a lock of her

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

L. W. GRANT.

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WITH THE SPRING.

How sharp the spires upon the hill!
They rise against the sunset sky
Like masts of ships, that sail in
A sea of flame, now anchored lie.

But lo! a pilgrim in the path,
Who, tracing upward from the ground,
Through orchard, meadow, pastures rare,
Winds upward to the hilltop town.

Ah, what is life save just a path,
A hasty walk for only one,
And childhood, manhood, age, are fields
Between us and the setting sun.

That tolling traveler gains the hill,
He weary walks the village through;
And now he seems amid the clouds,
As if to heaven an angel flew!

O bless the life that holy here
Beyond the ridge of death has passed,
A shadowy footpath now, but merged
In everlasting light above!

A Fall For Life.

The merchant ship *Druid*, from Bombay for London, lay becalmed off the west coast of Hindostan, between Goa and Mangalore, where the Ghauts Mountains were seen, towering in savage grandeur thousands of feet in air, with wild torrents leaping down the rocks, flashing through the dark green shrubbery, and rushing with the din of thunder.

"If the wind does not rise before tomorrow morning we will have to anchor," said the captain to Robert Winfield, a handsome young naval lieutenant on leave of absence from the frigate stationed at Bombay. "I don't want to lay the ship's bones on the coast, nor do I like to get too near it. I have heard bad stories of the natives there; at any rate, I believe that almost every Hindoo is a thief and murderer by nature."

Bell Upton, daughter of Major Upton, who was on his way home from his India regiment, on sick leave, heard the words, and, shuddering, drew closer to her invalid father.

A quick glance was exchanged between her and the young naval lieutenant, whose reassuring look seemed at once to dispel her fears.

Major Upton, noticing the glance, frowning, said to his daughter, "Come, Bell, let us go below."

Winfield had been a suitor of Bell's since she came to visit her father at Bombay, some months before. The girl favored him, but not so the major, who wanted her to choose a wealthy lover.

Bell was beautiful, with a form of unrivaled grace, brown eyes, a clear, pearl-white skin, with little color, and dark golden hair that fell in rippling masses over a pair of magnificent shoulders. The lieutenant watched her admiringly until she disappeared in the cabin.

"No harm shall befall her, not while I live," he thought, as he now glanced uneasily towards the coast. "We have arms aboard, have we not?" he added aloud to the captain.

"Ay, sir; but it is not likely we shall be attacked. We are full two leagues from the coast, and before we are near enough to be boarded a breeze will spring up, I have no doubt."

A few hours later night closed around the ship. The sky was covered by thick clouds which obscured the moon and seemed to betoken that a breeze would spring up before long.

Meanwhile the ship having drifted a league nearer the coast, the lieutenant thought the captain very careless not to have more than his one lookout posted for ward on so dark a night.

Before eleven o'clock the quarter-deck was deserted by all save the officer of the watch, a lazy fellow who was now stretched on the carpenter's chest, half asleep, while the watch forward, as Winfield (who stood leaning over the rail amidships) could perceive by the light of a lantern in the fore rigging, lay reclining on the hatch, some of them snoring.

Not feeling sleepy, the lieutenant resolved to go aloft on the mizen topsail yard and watch for the first sign of a breeze. Arrived on the yard, the gloom was so intense that he could not see the waters below, although he still gazed in that direction. Was it reality or imagination? He thought he could detect the dim outline of something shooting around the ship's stern.

He was about descending, when, the moon parting the clouds, a flood of silvery light was poured down on the ship and water, revealing a sight that filled the young man with horror—a scene so sudden and unexpected that his heart seemed to stand still.

While he was aloft Bell Upton had come out on the quarter deck, and now stood with her back to the rail, about two feet from it, her head bowed as if in deep thought, so that her beautiful white face shone like polished ivory in the bright moonlight. Then, unseen, unheard by the young girl, a Hindoo, with a long lithe body naked to the waist, had clambered up the side from a large canoe containing a half-dozen of his companions, and had contrived to glide, serpent-like, on the outside of the ship until he had gained a position directly behind her, when he drew a large dirk, which he was now on the point of plunging into the snowy neck of the fair passenger, that she might not give an alarm!

The lieutenant's hand clenched the yard like a vise, as he beheld the young lady's peril. He must save her—he would save her, he thought; yet, how was it to be done? To give an alarm would only hasten the girl's doom; to descend, no matter how quickly, by means of one of the back-

A Sensible Wife.

"How extravagant, Eugene!" said little Nettie Hollis, one Saturday night, to her husband, as he stalked into the living-room, loaded down by the weight of his purchases.

"Wait and see first, love," he answered, lightly. "After you know what I have bought, you will not have that opinion. Look at this," holding up to her view an elegant pattern of a new silk dress. "What do you think of that, my beauty?"

Now most women would have shown their approbation and pleasure in the warlike manner; but not so Mrs. Hollis.

"Why, my old one that I was married in, is good yet. Why did you buy this when times are so hard? And only yesterday I heard you say that the shop would have to suspend operations for a few months soon!"

"I know dear; but you have worn that dress ever since we were married, nearly a year. It is time, I think, that you had a new one."

"But the times!"

"Oh, bother the times! We have the lease of this little house for a year and I guess we can live through it somehow; besides our credit is good to an unlimited extent."

"Well, love, it is a nice present," said Mrs. Hollis, holding the shimmering fabric to the light.

But no supremely satisfied look passed across her face, and shortly afterwards, the dress was put away with a sigh.

Eugene Hollis, like thousands of other young men working on a salary, had married the woman of his choice, and settled down into a quiet, sober, home-loving man. He was open-hearted by nature, and delighted to see his little wife look well, though he had to run in debt for it.

Now, though he knew it not, this said wife was a perfect little heroine, and well worth her weight in gold. The time came shortly afterwards, that both had feared; the shop had closed for a few weeks, which ran into months and still no signs of work. People that Eugene had traded with sold out, in disgust, while strangers filled their places. With them credit was an impossibility, and Eugene Hollis soon had the mortification of being reduced to his last penny.

It was high time that something should be done, or the little woman he had vowed to shield from all harm would suffer.

To this end he went through the city, and in every imaginable place where there was a likelihood of earning an honest living.

But hundreds were there before him, and one evening about dusk found him wandering his way, foot-sore and weary, towards home. He brought no money nor provisions with him, for the last penny he had was paid out a week before.

But what a contrast he found in the happy, contented face of his wife to his own despairing condition.

"Come, love, supper is ready; sit down at once, before it gets cold," she said, kindly, noticing from the woe-begone look that he had not succeeded.

"Supper! What can we make supper of, except the imagination that one ought to be?" was the moose remark.

"Oh, there is the ham that you purchased the other day, and the potatoes are not out yet," she smilingly said. "Besides, there are enough left for several meals."

Eugene thought a good deal, but said nothing; he was quite positive that the last potato had gone a week before. But as if he kept right on talking as merrily as his wife had a house full of plenty instead of want. So he mentally decided that she had received a loan from some relative, which fact she wished to keep to herself.

So matters went on day after day, but still no work or signs of work. There were others in the same condition as Eugene, so he had the comfort of knowing he was not alone in his woe.

He always went away at the usual working hour, and spent the time hunting in the cheerless round after work; but when he came back again at night, his wife always met him the same as ever.

It had become an established fact in his mind that outside help of some kind was required for them in sufficient amount to keep them from starving.

The bacon never ran quite short or the potatoes either, for that matter, and they were relieved now and then by a steak or chop.

He was too proud to take any notice of this strange fact outwardly, and his little wife never meant that he should, always changing the subject if it came up in their conversations, leading him to believe that some well-to-do uncle whom he had never heard of, had been the donor of it.

This state of affairs was not to last always. When a man is honest and sober, and is willing to do anything, he is capable of doing a streak of sunshine in the shade of success is sure to crown his efforts at last.

Eugene Hollis, at his trade as an engraver, was a skilled workman in every branch, and in fair times commanded a good salary.

He now felt himself in luck when the position to drive a coal cart at three shillings per day was offered him.

"Good news! Good news!" he shouted, rushing into his home, and searching for his wife.

Where was she? The rooms were deserted. But so, the attic door was open. Through it he went, and up the short flight of stairs. There sat Nettie, patiently and rapidly propelling a sewing machine under the light from the narrow passage that led into the sleeping room.

"Why, Nettie, where did you get that?" he asked, completely taken aback at the discovery.

"I bought it, love," was the hesitating response.

"I did not know we had money enough to buy a sewing machine, dear,"

"Do you remember that silk dress you bought me a long time ago—just before the shop closed?"

"Why certainly."

"Well, one day Mrs. Morse called up to see me, and fell in love with it. When she found I would sell it at a much lower figure than the pattern could be purchased for, she offered to buy it. So you see I had enough money to buy this machine, with which I have found more or less work to do ever since."

"Nettie, my little wife! So you sacrificed your own new dress for me, the

Curiosities of Ice.

In 1850 Mr. Faraday discovered that two pieces of ice, placed in contact froze together almost instantly. Mr. Tyndall says, "One hot summer day I entered a shop on the Strand; in the window fragments of ice were lying in a basin. The tradesman gave me permission to take the pieces of ice in my own hand; holding the first piece I attached all the other pieces in the basin to it. The thermometer was then sixty degrees, and yet all these pieces were frozen together. In this way Mr. Tyndall formed a chain of ice. This experiment may be made even in hot water. Throw two pieces of ice in a pail full of almost boiling water, keep them in contact and they will freeze together in spite of the high temperature. Mr. Faraday made an other experiment of the same sort. He threw into a vessel full of water several small pieces of ice. They floated on the surface of the water. The moment one piece touched another there was an instantaneous retreating. Attraction soon brought all the pieces in contact, so that in an instant an ice-chain was formed.

An ice wheel turning on a surface of ice refreezes at the point of contact; during the rotation a series of cracks may be heard which show the car that successive refreezings are constantly taking place. The phenomenon of refreezing is easily explained: At the surface of a piece of ice the atoms, which are no longer in equilibrium on the outside, tend to leave their neighbors, as happens in boiling or evaporation. The Alpine guides, by cautiously walking these snowy masses, freeze the particles together and transform the snow into ice. It snow be compressed in molds, statistics may be obtained. Fill a hollow ball with snow, pressed in as hard as possible, and you may obtain ice balls admirably translucent. Nothing would be easier than to dice with a service made of melted snow—plates, glasses, decanters, all of which may be made of ice. The school boys who fill their hands with snow and compress it into a ball produces the phenomenon of refreezing, and forms an ice ball sufficiently hard to be a dangerous projectile.

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RALSEY BUSH.

Admitted to the Bar.

Mr. George C. Whitley, a student in the office of Messrs. Garrard & Meldrim, on yesterday made application in the Superior Court to be admitted to the bar, whereupon the Court appointed the following committee to conduct the examination, to wit: Messrs. R. E. Lester, P. W. Meldrim, A. P. Adams and the Solicitor General. The applicant was, after a thorough and rigid examination by the committee, admitted to plead and practice law in the State Courts.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spooner.

Terms cash. WALTER DEAN,
Trustee.

The Cincinnati Southern railroad has contributed \$5,000 to the Exposition in Atlanta, in October next.

If you desire to have a pleasant
clean shave, or have your hair trimm
in neat and fashionable style, give
call to

At this office, 50 FIFTEEN CENTS will be ordered by mail. Parties ordering by mail may pay in postage stamps. Address, REPUBLICAN OFFICE, Jacksonville, Ala. Write your name and post office by Caldwell, Haines & Co.

